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W. WALLACE NEWCOMB, Secretary MYRA G. REED, Editor

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IMPORTANT

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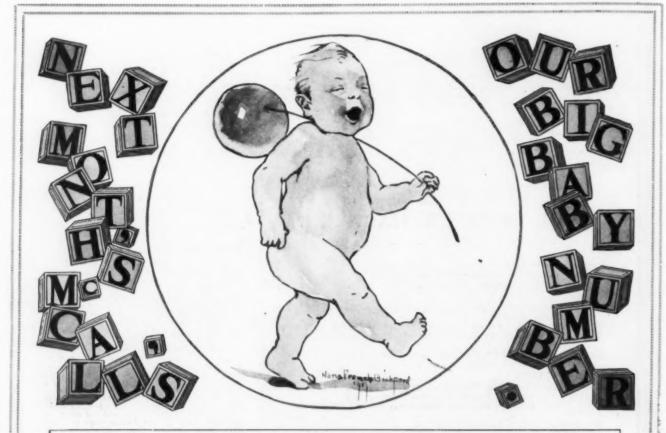
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Experts on every angle of the baby's life have contributed their share to the May McCall's. Among other practical baby articles are: "Babies' Rights," by Sidonie M. Gruenberg, a specialist on child psychology; "The Mother's Helper," by Helen Christine Bennet; "Amusing the Convalescent Child," by Elna Harwood Wharton; and "Perambulating," by Laura Gates-Sykora; "The Crocheted Baby" and "The Embroidered Baby."

The Long-Distance Mother By Lois Willoughby

A kiss by wire, a figurative spanking by 'phone, a bedtime story by mail is the ingenious arrangement of several prominent actress mothers. One of the lively "how" articles in May.

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"I'm going to be so deliciously, rapturously feminine that every man that comes my way will say, 'Marry me Ann,'" is the heroine's valiant challenge. If you haven't liked rebels before, you will after reading FRIVOLOUS ANN in the May number.

May-Day Revels . . By Sidney Baldwin

A charming playlet for the little folks! It is just the thing for the outdoor spring festival or the school exercises indoors. Full directions for producing it will be published with it.

Fine Linen . . By Helen Topping Miller

Mrs. Miller's stories, as you know, never fail to please. In this one the contrariness of the Youngest Nurse, the problem of the Newest Baby, and the kindly philosophy of the Oldest Nurse all play their part.

The Family Martyr . . . By Nancy Gunter Boykin

Duty, misunderstood and disrupting, creates a disturbance in Joedy's family. It almost succeeds in sending him off to China, and—but we won't tell you the rest till May!

May Fashions - What to Wait For

Bolero jackets, side-draped dresses, skirts of the new striped sports materials are among the new designs for May. The millinery next month is for the little girl, and the dressmaking lesson concerns itself with an outfit for the baby!

Bargaining for My Babies

This remarkable self-revelation of a man who signs himself "A Bachelor with an Ideal," will make you think. Perhaps to most men, just as to all women, babies are realities years before their arrival, and they are merely too shy to tell us about it. Anyway, here is one man who knows babies have rights. Coming in the May number.



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APRIL

McCALL'S

MAGAZINE

1917

T HE chimney corner fallacy exploded some time ago but the foundation of ideas on which it stood remains to an extent.

Women, in the millions, still persist in dropping into inac-

tivity when they have raised their family of children to the point of being able to forage for themselves. Why should they? Why should any sane human being in the prime of life, after half a century of enriching experience, deliberately decree for herself a permanent vacation. If they are wise, and most mothers who have raised their brood are, they will know a permanent vacation soon gets stale—and, besides they shouldn't be so selfish. Society has thrust upon them the privilege of a half century of usefulness; now, it is their turn to say in reply: "I've had fifty years of human experience; I'm going to give back some of it to you."

In certain groups this idea of "keeping on" has already taken deep hold. A new question has formed itself upon the lips of the casual ac-

quaintance. Not only is it asked: "What is her husband's business?"; "How many children has she?"; but "What work does she do?" and the reaction, if the answer be "None" is a mental lift of the eyebrows.

NE of my friends is a young grand-mother of fifty-six, whose home, now standardized into efficiency, needs little of her time and who, consequently, is exploring her city for vacant niches. "I never did any work before my marriage," she tells me, "so that

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

By the EDITOR

I haven't the faintest idea what I can do. That is why I take up every new interest that comes along and join every organization around me on the chance that in one of them I will find my 'job.' When I find the line in adding useful work well I shall

which I seem to be doing useful work well, I shall drop all the other odds and ends of activities I have picked up. In any case, it's the fashion nowadays to bring to your children the contact of a larger world. My daughters and daughter-in-laws haven't time to be public spirited, so, if I'm not accomplishing anything else, I'm at least flying around for the benefit of my grandchildren. They know all about suffrage and street-cleaning organizations and first-aid courses, and, oh, a thousand other things, now."

THIS woman that I have quoted is a typical example of the new order of things that is pressing inexorably upon us. Up to the present, women have been, but they haven't done. They have been content to be mothers, a worthy

job certainly, but one that ends when the woman is in the prime of life, Now, however, a new idea is pressing itself upon the women of America, a movement that it behooves everyone to join if they would not be left hopelessly behind. This twentieth century will be significant in history not only for its world war but for the entrance into the race consciousness of a new and different element, the spiritual contribution of women. No individual should fail to contribute her part.

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FIND COUPON ON PAGE 106 OF THIS ISSUE

PIGS OF PERSEPHONE

By KATHARINE KINGSLEY CROSBY

Illustrated by MARY LANE McMILLAN

THE Sacred Way was very much in need of secular repairs. The car which Phebe had hired for the trip to Eleusis seemed to consider this a sufficient excuse for fracturing all its tires, one after another. So, instead of being back in Athens in time to meet the five o'clock train, and her suitor, it was sunset before she even reached Eleusis, where the machine dragged itself into a farmyard at the edge of the ruins, with an almost human grunt of satisfaction. The chauffeur got out, settled himself on his knees in the dust, and began spreading his tools about him. Phebe stared at him in blank dismay.

tools about him. Phebe stared at him in blank dismay.
"But Demetrios," she protested, "I can't wait! We

must go back to Athens at once."

Demetrios shrugged his shoulders. "It is in the hand of God," he answered piously; "I change all the tire, back to front."

Of course, if it really could not be helped, the ruins ought to be good at sunset. And—it was a relief not to have to meet Phil Dacey, just yet, anyway. It delayed, by so much, the ordeal of having to tell a man who had come all the way from America to see her, that she really couldn't marry him, ever. There had been times when she had almost felt that she would rather marry him than have to tell him that she could not. But those hours of weakness were passed. She had made up her mind, definitely, to devote herself for the rest of her life to the holy tasks of archeology. This trip to Eleusis had been undertaken, at the last minute, to prove, beyond any doubt, that she was right in her decision. Eleusis was the spell of Greece incarnate. It stood for everything her soul desired most.

Picking her way through the cluttered remains of the ancient temple of Demeter, she came to a ragged little path

leading up the steep hillside, and followed it to the top. The valley at her feet was already filling with purple and olive dusk below the golden The air was very still, and bore the drowsy scent of vineyards. A black wooden cross leaned over the grave of a young poet who had gone to his death crowned with flowers. But she turned from all this to where, in the shadow of the hill, lay the broken remnants of the temple, its rutted pavements strewn with blocks of marble, and with carven capitals brought low, its rough-hewn steps worn with the feet of the throngs that had come there yearly to worship Demeter and her child Persephone, and to be instructed in the mysteries of the after life.

Beyond the shadows of the hill were the golden wheatfields, where Persephone went maying to her sorrow, and where her mother wandered long in search of her. Nearby was a village, the low walls of the houses cream and opal in the sunlight. Triptolemus had lived there once, and Aeschylus. Beyond the village lay a strip of vivid turquoise water, with the ships of the Persian fleet beneath it. Against the sky rose the purple ridge of the island of Salamis, where Xerxes had sat and watched them sink.

Phebe had found what she was seeking. This was Greece, with its poetry of things past, its still magic of myth and mystery and great dead beauty—her Greece, whom it was to be her lifelong privilege to study, and interpret, and adore. It was as though the spirit of all the pain and aspiration, the worship, and hope, and longing, of all the lives that had been lived or sung, were allied with her spirit. Exalted, she felt herself no longer a mere student of archeology, puttering among stones, but a veritable priestess of the ancient faith.

FAR off along the winding white ribbon of the Sacred Way, a tiny cloud of dust was speeding toward Eleusis. Eventually, it gained the farmyard where Demetrios wrestled with the demon of the machine, and a rather large young man in dusty khakis emerged from it, brushed himself off hastily put a question to the toiling Athenian, and strode out into the ruins, with the answer. There he slowed up, took off his cap and fanned himself, glancing about him uncertainly. When he finally spied her, far above him on her hilltop, he made no effort to go nearer, but stood looking, cap in hand.

It was not a very big hill. With the glamorous gold of the afterglow making a halo about her virginal young figure, she was just near enough and far enough to seem a goddess enthroned. The young man in the dusty khakis swallowed a quite unclassical lump in his earth-born throat



as he gazed up at her, and wondered at his own arrogance. Her remoteness was so much more than physical. Supposing it were spiritual—how could he hope—oh, it wasn't a very big hill, but the top of it seemed miles away!

"Lord, I wish she'd come down!" he breathed, mopping his forehead.

So Phebe found him waiting for her there, when, rousing with a little shiver from her ecstasy, she had trailed the path down to his level. The hand she gave him in greeting was cold with the chill of upper regions.

"Oh, Phil! When did you come?"

"Just now. I cycled over from Athens—expected to meet you somewhere along the way. How long did you crudities! She knew too well what would come next, but it had never hurt her before as it did when he said it:

"Not much left standing, is there? I should think they might have left one column, at least!"

"It's quite-old," she stammered.

"Yes? Well, it looks it all right. You know archeology isn't much in my line." They had turned back toward the farmyard, and he fell into step at her side. "Engineers can't afford to get sentimental about the past or they'd hate

some of the things they have to do. I stopped off to look at a dam-site in Spain on my way You ought to see over. the jolly little churchcrusaders' chapel where the Knights Templar used to go, and all that. They're putting it under water to make power for a trolley line. It can't be helped, so the less you think about it the better, I guess. We should deal in futures, anyhow-it's what we're made for."

THEY were passing the cave into whose mythical depths Dis, the brother of Zeus, had carried Persephone and her posies from the sight of man. By daylight it was absurdly small and foolish, but the twilight lent it elusive depths, and shadowings, and owlish portents.

"Let's see—that must be Pluto's cave," Dacey hazarded cheerfully; "a bit spooky in this light, isn't it?"

Phebe did not answer. She was relieved when they reached the place where she had left the machine. Demetrios was still kneeling in the dust beside it.

"One, two, three hour more," he said vaguely; "it is in the hand of God."

Phebe's heart went down into her pumps.

"C-can't you help him?" she faltered, appealingly. Dacey offered his services obediently, but the chauffeur refused them. He needed no help, he said.

"He's pretty nearly beyond help, I guess," Dacey commented; "the tires are rotten. Well, how about supper? I've had only a bunch of grapes since breakfast."

"I'll see what we can do. There isn't an inn anywhere in the neighborhood."

They walked over to the whitewashed farmhouse which, with its low outbuildings, nearly rimmed the yard. A lean, brown-faced peasant woman came to the door and talked with Phebe at some length. Presently, she went in and returned with a round table which she set on the ground, adding two chairs and an earthen water jar. Two coarse white napkins and a pleasant smile completed her hospitality. Phil surveyed the layout with a somewhat anxious expression. Phebe laughed in spite of herself.

"Poor man—did he think this was all he was going to have for his supper? We'll have to buy that in the village. Do you want to come with me?"



"I DON'T LOVE HIM, I DON'T," SHE SOBBED, "I DON'T!"

think I was going to wait, huh?" He smiled down into her eyes. After all, she was very near and very dearly human.

Phebe tried not to smile back at him, but it was hard work. "My car broke down—Demetrios is fixing it," she explained hurriedly. "I'm dreadfully sorry not to have been there to meet you."

"Now I've found you, it's all right anyhow," he told her with great contentment. "By the way, where are we? Is all this anything I ought to remember from the schoolhooks?"

"Why, Phil-didn't you know? It's Eleusis!"

HE pondered over the word. "Sounds familiar," he admitted, "but somehow—wait—oh, I know! There was a temple there where they worshiped Ceres, wasn't there—and processions of mystae—sure, I remember, now!" His tone was jubilant. "But, I say—where's the temple?"

With a gesture, Phebe showed him what was left of it.

With a gesture, Phebe showed him what was left of it. She could not speak. To have him of all men—yes, of all men—profaning her high altar with his tourist-American

He looked down at her happily. "Anywhere on earth!" he promised, and was content to let it go at that. when you're walking down a lane at twilight beside the one little woman in the world, and she has at last consented to smile upon you? But Phebe found the silence trying.

"The woman in the cottage was telling me why we had so much trouble with the tires," she observed, matter-of-

factly.

"How does she know about it?"

"Demetrios told her. He didn't dare tell me, I suppose." "They were worn out, that's all. Not his fault, was it?"

"Yes, because he was careless. Just outside of Athens there were some dust-whirls all across the road, and he drove through them instead of waiting till they stopped." "But-why shouldn't he?"

"Because it brings bad luck, of course. The nereids make the dust-whirls when they dance. One shouldn't interrupt them, ever."

Dacey laughed aloud. "Say, that's great! "But you know, I thought he said it was in the hand of God?"

"I suppose that is how he translates it into English," Phebe said coldly; "you shouldn't laugh at people's beliefs, Phil.'

At that they were miles apart again. "I beg your pardon, dear, but you know I'm a stranger here, and it's all Greek to me-in more senses than one," he said.

THEY stopped before a semi-circular opening in the front wall of one of the cottages. Within, there was a light and a great oven. The window-ledge served as a counter over which they purchased, for a few coppers, a round loaf of bread, some cheese, and an enormous bunch of grapes.

It was nearly dark when, laden with their provender, they returned to the farmyard. At the further side Demetrios still labored beside the car of woe, surrounded by a ring of children who held oliveoil lamps for him to see by. The flickering lights flashed in their brilliant, fascinated eyes. Between two low, whitewashed buildings stood a greenblack cypress tree through whose branches peered a flat-faced moon.

'This wouldn't be half bad," Dacey confessed, as they sat at table a little later, "if it weren't such a mix-up. To begin with, my chasing the mystae over here on a motorcycle. Then those nereids turkey-trotting in the dust, and causing blow-outs, and that Demetrios chap

mending the holes by the light of open-wick lamps. I can't seem to get my bearings." He looked at her for sympathy, but did not get it. She was industriously feeding her bread crusts to a bevy of small black pigs who had appeared from nowhere and were tumbling over each other with many squeals and grunts of excitement.

"And Phebe," said the man, "you're the worst mix-up!"

"I?" She looked up in great surprise. "Not I?"
"You," he insisted. "One minute you're a goddess on a hilltop, and I'm half afraid to look at you. Next thing I know, you are sitting folksy in a barnyard eating bread and cheese like an ordinary mortal, and feeding the crumbs to the pigs. I like you both ways—that goes without saying. But—which one am I going to marry?" He folded his arms on the table and leaned forward, looking at her with that smile of his that was so terribly hard to resist.

Phebe shut her eyes. "I wish you-to understand," she faltered.

"Just what do you want me to understand?"

"All this, that you speak of so lightly. You seem to miss the beauty and the-the wonder of it all, the thrill of it, the mystery-it means just everything to me! If you can't feel it, how can I make you understand?"

"Perhaps I do feel a bit more than I can express; you have to make some allowance for a chap's being clumsy with his words. But you say these things mean everything

to you. You don't quite mean—that, do you?'
Phebe nodded. "I want to stay in Greece."

"But you know, dearest, there-there isn't any work

"I know-of course. That's why I-why I can't marry you, Phil." She paused for a moment, then hurried on. "It isn't just that I like it here. It's my work, my career—you say you don't know anything about archeology, and if you don't, why, then you can't realize the fascination of it, because it's so different from anything else in the world. I know it's the way that I can get my best development— "Do you mind if I smoke?" asked Phil,

He filled his pipe and sat staring into the shadows, a puzzled frown puckering his honest young brows. was he up against? What sort of barrier was this that had risen between them? Was it a vital thing which must of necessity keep them always apart, or something artificial and distorted? He was sure she had cared for him oncealmost sure that she still cared. Everything he said seemed to jar on her, though. Small wonder, of course, seeing what an ignoramits he was, and all. But was that enough to keep them apart? What was this thing that she cared

> for more than she did for him: that was more vital to her happiness than he was; that she was willing to sacrifice him for? Was it just a woman's whim, or was it a vision?

He looked across at her where she sat, so still and white, so pure, and cool, and sweet, and young. "It's her dear little virgin heart," he told himself, with new clairvoyance; "it's she who doesn't un-derstand. I do."

WITH a sigh, he stif-fened, shook out his pipe, and said: "All right, little girl. Shall we give the rest of the loaf to the piglets?

"Yes, lets!" she said quickly, some of her relief at his commonplace tone "They're still hungry." creeping into her voice.

He watched her giving them the last crumbs. Eleusis-another anomaly, eh?" he queried absently.

"Oh, no, indeed. They have every right to be herethey're the last touch of poetry, really. O-oh, that one nipped my finger, the rascal!"
"Nasty little brute," Dacey grinned, lifting the greedy

one and setting him squarely on the table between them. "Just what is the poem in him, Phebe?

"Why, don't you remember? His ancestors figured in the mysteries. People used to bring sucking pigs to sacrifice to Persephone on the altars here.

"So that's it," he mused; "poor little devils." He sat eyeing his wriggling captive through a moment of reflective silence. Then he asked, "Just what's the resemblance, Phebe?"

FANFARE

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

Awake! Awake! the Spring comes in With music on the hills, And fairy-alchemists begin To coin their daffodils!

Lo! we are done with autumn brown, Old Winter we'll forget-I think a bit of sky fell down To make that violet!

Here's merry April dancing in-I glimpsed a yellow wing!-O heart, there is no greater sin Than to be dumb in Spring!

MIDSUMMER NIGHTS

MARY LERNER By

Illustrated by KYOHEI INUKAI

HE month following the graduation of Anne Gregory's youngest daughter from high school was among the happiest of her life. Admitted into Drusilla's confidence, magically, completely, and re-living -so much more vividly and gaily-her own short, cloistered youth in the free, spirited, colorful youth of her daughter, Anne hardly knew herself for the prim, reserved woman, proud mother of two studious young women, and reluctant, apologetic sponsor for a third-a changeling,

surely, whose driving need of admiration and adventure had brought the flush of embarrassment to her mother's cheeks, and tears of anger and impotence to her eyes.

Now she could look calmly, affectionately at Dru, as the girl sat diligently over her books. She knew now why Dru was rose and white, why her burnished curls seemed to have netted the sunbeams, why her clear gaze held unsolved mys-

teries. She was a living invitation to Life and Love. And Dru, suddenly looking up and meeting her mother's glance, would smile back a quick message of tenderness that was

like a kiss wafted by eager fingers. Not that Drusilla seemed to give much thought to the little blind god these golden summer days. True to her bargain, she meekly submitted to her sister Harriet's tutoring-administered in the latter's best scholastic manner, with little regard for the limitations of youth or the wooing beauty of the ripening season. Too meekly, Anne thought. She was like a well-intentioned child who, having had her fling, returns to her duty with docile, penitent determination.

HARRIET, however, was far from content.

"Drusilla has made scarcely any progress since Christmas. Has she simply been neglecting her studies, or has she had inexperienced teachers?"

Anne bent her brown head over the diaphanous pink camisole she was hemstitching for Drusilla. Ignoring the first question, she replied, "I hadn't heard of any.

Harriet exclaimed. "I can't understand it. Has she been well?"

"Oh, yes. Dru's always well." Then, timidly: "Don't you think the weather's a bit trying? So warm."

Harriet looked astounded. "We shouldn't let exterior conditions interfere.

"I know," patiently, "but Dru's so young. Don't be too hard on her.'

"Young? The Gregorys have always been ready for college at sixteen."

Anne shook out the dainty little garment and held it up to the light. Around one ribbony shoulder-strap, she regarded her eldest daughter. Then she broke the silence.
"I doubt if

Dru will be ready. Dru must not be driven to death this hot weather."

The frivolous, lacy bodice caught Harriet's eye. "What may that be, Mother?" she demanded.

Anne slipped her hands through the satin straps and dangled the camisole before her academic daughter's scandalized face. Head on one side, she smiled expectantly at Harriet.

"Isn't it a perfect pet?"

she wanted to know, enthusiastically. "Dru's the sweetest thing in it, under that flesh-colored Georgette of hers, with the baby-blue ribbons."

Harriet flushed darkly. "It's nobody's business what one wears under one's blouses."

Anne giggled like a mischievous girl. "Under Georgette crèpe? my dear girl! or any thin, cool blouse, for that matter?"

"There is no need for such thin blouses."
"My dear, my dear! You have all your life to wear thick things. One is only young once-and for such a little

"Why, Mother!"

"When you were a little thing, you had the sweetest shoulders," Anne continued, with an air of wistful reminiscence. "I used to love you in your bath." She folded the bit of gossamer with caressing fingers. "Don't you adore soft, pretty things about you?" she asked, engagingly confidential. "I'm going to make some for you and Esther just as soon as Dru's are finished."

Harriet stared at her mother as if seeing her for the "Thank you, Mother. I don't believe I shall require any." Then, politely, with perfect dignity, she turned and walked out of the room. Behind her, her mother laughed and chuckled softly to herself.



DRU, THOUGH THE VERY YOUNGEST IN YEARS, HAD AN AIR OF FINISH, A TOUCH OF MYSTERY AND WONDER, WHICH SET HER APART

"I wonder if it is too late!" she thought, regretfully.

After that, Harriet, disdainfully acknowledging her young sister's frivolity, did not drive her so hard; and Anne, watching Dru closely for signs of overwork, insisted on inviting Betty Norman for a fortnight's visit. Dru had put in one severe month; she needed relaxation. Besides, there was the little circle of friends the girl had built up so gallantly, without encouragement or assistance. She must not lose them through neglect; young friends-of both sexes-were necessary to a girl's development and social success. After all, Dru would never be sixteen another summer. The years would bring their sober respon-

sibilities soon enough, their gray and barren spaces. Then, too, Anne longed, for the first time in her dutyfilled existence, for young life about her. Dru's new mood of docility had left her sisters in control; the atmosphere of the big house was more than ever redolent of their books and chemicals-Esther actually had a small laboratory in the attic, which her admiring father had fitted up for her before she was ten. Despite closed doors, acrid odors issued from it, mouth-puckering, metallic; Esther's commonsense shoe jarred the ceiling over Anne's head. From Harriet's room across the hall, come the dry chatter of the young pedant's typewriter, as she worked up into free verse some of her remarkably accurate and stirring translations of the Latin poets. Anne marvelled that she could catch and crystallize so vividly those expressions of love and longing-she who was so cold and repellent. That, Anne supposed, was because it was Latin love and longing. She could even read her verses aloud with firing voice and kindling eyes. "My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love-Anne had to admit, however, that the girl kindled just as warmly to an obscure root or an intricate grammatical con-

Without, the days continued hot, honey-scented, languorous, suggestive of untried delights. Within, one felt as in a smother of culture and acids.

THERE was still another reason why Anne was eager to have Betty. Dru had been receiving letters-fat, muchfolded letters, in Alan's boyish hand. Poor Alan! whom Dru, not meaning to hurt, had drawn to her, eager for proof of her dawning woman's power. Anne knew the girl never answered within a week; but always, scarcely posted was her reply, when back rushed another letter. To Anne's delight, Dru formed the habit of bringing the closely written missives to her mother's room, and, curling up on the window-seat, read them aloud-almost from start to finish. Dru folded over and skipped the opening phrase, she noticed, and broke off abruptly at the close. Here and there in the body of the letter, too, Dru's fresh, young voice died away, her smooth brow knitted, her clear eyes ran on ahead.

As far as Anne could judge, they were boyishly selfconfident letters, full of his new work, his vaulting ambition, his determination to "make good." An eagerness ran through them that swept one along like a tide. Already he had had a "raise," with promise of a more important position before the end of the summer. "I'll be twenty the position before the end of the summer. "I'll be twenty the first of August," he kept reiterating. "In another year, I can vote." Never was youth so impatient of the lagging days of boyhood.

Anne could not fail to see that each successive letter dimmed some of Drusilla's joy and sparkle. The longer and more crisscrossed the note, the more seriously her curving mouth drooped, the more remorseful the far-away gaze of her brown eyes.

"She can't be grieving over his absence," Anne assured herself. "She was actually relieved when he left in June." She reminded herself, however, that she knew nothing of the ways of Young Love, its heart-breaks and longings. with growing anxiety, she encouraged Dru to talk of the boy, asked about his progress, exclaimed delightedly over

This success of his seemed not to be an unmixed pleasure to Drusilla.

"What's the latest in our boy's business?" Anne would ask brightly, feeling more and more that Alan really was

in some intimate way a boy of hers.

Drusilla would sigh and droop. "That department he wanted to be transfered to-he's got it," would be her dis-

pirited and ungrammatical reply.

Or: "That second raise he was going to ask for"-Dru looked almost tearful-"they've agreed to give it to him."

"Why, he must be earning a man's wage, by this time." Dru nodded sadly; her voice broke. "He is.

"I hope he is saving his money," Anne offered, sagely. "Every single cent," returned Drusilla, mournfully.

"Wonderful for so young a boy!"

"They say he's the best hustler they ever broke into the business. A born salesman," sighed Dru. "There's a little agency up the line here, in Maybury. The man's talking of leaving. Alan's spoken of for that already.'

"Imagine!"

"They are short of men in those new departments-" Dru's voice trailed off into silence.

Anne caught her breath for a minute. "Why, he could live at home with his mother. Wouldn't that be nice for her!"

Dru's voice was like a little wail. "He is going to live at home. He'll be here the rest of the summer if he gets the place!"

"Splendid!"

But Dru had swept up her crumpled letter sheets, her tennis racquet, and turquoise-blue silk sweater, and fled

from the room.

Then Betty Norman came to stay, and on her heels, the little flock of pretty butterflies who represented the youth and gaiety of the town. Anne, childishly pleased and excited, gave them full rein. The big drawing-rooms, with newly waxed floors, were thrown open and stripped of superfluous, hampering ornaments. The long-dumb grand piano, freshly tuned, tinkled all day, and often well into the night with tunes that were a tantalizing invitation. Light feet danced, rollicking voices trilled snatches of gay songs, bright faces laughed at you from the echoing stairways. The girls' flowers and chiffon scarfs made sport of the marble busts in the library, their blazers and paddles crowded the reference books off the living-room table. They spilled powder on Harriet's manuscripts, and mixed their vanity-bags with Esther's specimens. Never mind, Anne told her outraged daughters. It was summer, and vacation, and one was young only once!

WAS youth ever so engaging, Anne wondered; were girls ever so pretty, boys so winning, fashions so captivating! What colors! What sweater-coats! Geraniums and old golds for the dark beauties, blues and rose for the fair ones. Dru, she decided, was most wonderful

in all white—a perfect armful of delight.

From her cool chair on the vine-shaded piazza, Anne loved to watch her young guests through the long windows, conceding the attractiveness of this one, the promise of strong character in the other, judging and weighing. But always her glance came back to Drusilla. For Dru in some way outstripped every one, her beauty heightened, her charm intensified by that magic which conscious power so surely bestows. It had added to her maturity, Anne had to admit, sighing; for Dru, though the very youngest in years, had an air of finish, a touch of mystery and wonder, which set her apart from these girls of the inquiring eyes. The boys' glances lingered on her, Anne noticed, as if she embodied for each his dream.

Anne sighed with a new sense of her responsibility. "That little girl of mine will break hearts, I am afraid. I must teach her to be true and gentle, not to call forth love she does not wish to satisfy. Her gifts may become dangerous gifts."

It was a gay and happy fortnight, right in the very heart of the midsummer-a carnival time. Anne was loath to have it pass. On the last evening, noting Dru's growing thoughtfulness, she suggested that they prolong Betty's visit.

"You'll have a busy winter," she urged. "I'd rather you had all the good times you can right now."

Dru, hair-brush in hand, leaned her sunny head against her tall mother's shoulder; her brown eyes were steadfast and intent. "Too many good times, Mother dear!" She smiled wistfully.

"Too many, my daughter? I thought girls never had too many."

Dru caught her mother's hand and pressed it to her flushed cheek.

PLENTY for now, Mother. I feel all sort of relaxed, and pampered. Don't you think you need to make—well, an honest effort of some kind every day, to sort of keep your mental muscles healthy? I can't say it very well, but you know what I mean."

Anne knew, and rejoiced at the girl's sanity and sense of proportion.

Dru went on thoughtfully. "On the go every minute, just hunting amusement, nothing to show for it in the end

-why, I'm homesick for a day with you again!" The way she had of slipher ping round arm about Anne's neck was irresistible. "Besides, just between us, being with Betty all day -really, dear, she's an awful strain. She hasn't a thought beyond dresses and dances -and boys!"

"Dru!" "W h y Mother, I'd rather have Harriet blow me up about my Latin. Honestly. You feel you're getting somewhere, at any rate." Dru's kiss was like the brush of a bird's wing. "So we'll give them all a bang-up time to-night, then-" with a charming gesture of dismissal-"speed them morrow!"

The next afternoon, Betty had scarcely proceeded to the train, well attended, when Alan's letter, several days overdue, arrived. Anne looked at it a bit resentfully as it lay on the hall table. Dru's happy face would fall at sight of it, she feared; her dancing eyes cloud.

Soon she heard Dru trip quickly up the front steps and across the porch; then the snap of the screen-door. For a long moment, there was no sound in the hall; then, hastily, evasively, Dru fled up to her room.

There was no sign or sound of Drusilla for the rest of the afternoon. At the dinner bell, Anne timidly knocked at the girl's closed door.

"Dinner, dear."

Dru's voice spoke up readily. "Yes, Mother. Coming."
Dru came down, a brave smile lighting the unusual pallor of her face, a pallor which did not escape Harriet, who, released from the subduing tyranny of the gaiety that had swept the house, had recovered her usual self-confidence.

"I hope Drusilla will have a little time to rest and get her color back, now that all this entertaining is over."

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SUDDENLY, A QUEER, DEEP, MUFFLED SOUND CAME FAINTLY FROM THE GARDEN

OUR FIRST WOMAN CONGRESSMAN

MONTANA THE FIRST STATE TO SEND A WOMAN TO WASHINGTON

By BERTHA FILER

N the parlor of her big home in Montana, late one afternoon, Jeanette Rankin was chatting whole-heartedly with half a dozen girlhood chums whom she had not seen for a long while. So engrossed was she

* seen for a long while. So engrossed was she in entertaining them, and in the enjoyment of their company, that it was almost sundown before it occurred to her that she had forgotten to serve tea, and the lemon meringue pie she had prepared, herself, especially for the occasion. (Her lemon meringues, by the way, have won for her no little praise and renown in various parts of the country from Spokane and Seattle to New York City.) Excusing herself hurriedly, she ran off to the kitchen to boil some water.

The spacious parlor in which her guests were left sitting, was a most attractive room, and its whole atmosphere bespoke a real personality behind it. Opposite the solid oak door at one corner of the room, hung an oil painting of a ranch, typical of the old-time West, with tumbled-down bunk-and-grubhouse, and limitless stretches of rolling land. On that ranch, our first congresswoman was born. Elsewhere, dotting the walls, were attractively framed photographs of famous suffrage leaders, and good reproductions of the old masters.

In a few minutes, back came the hostess, carrying a large silver tray. Setting this down on a small table, she passed around dainty lace doilies, crocheted by herself in spare moments, distributed the fragile tea-cups, filled them with the welcome beverage, and then—with respectful awe and justifiable pride, di-

vided into seven equal portions the lemon meringue.

Finally, as her guests put on their wraps to leave, one

of them dropped behind.

"Jeanette," she began twisting her gloves, "though I know you don't like to hear about it, I've just got to tell you: I and all the rest of us are proud of you. But—but it's going to be hard to have you go away from us.

"Somehow, we never quite get used to your leaving home. Missoula is never the same, for us women at least, when you are gone. Still, I suppose it's not right to be selfish. We cannot expect to have you for ourselves all the time. And then they must need you more in Washington—than we can possibly need you here." Without another word, embarrassed at her outburst, she ran down the gravel carriage path to her friends.

FOR this young woman, noted for her lemon meringue pies, was none other than the Hon. Jeanette Rankin, elected Representative at large from that state, the first woman to get a seat in Congress, a woman who won out against seven men candidates, with a majority of seven thousand votes over the closest one. It has fallen to her lot to voice the needs and legislative requirements not only of the women and children of Montana, but of those of the whole country, and to bring to the fore, in Washington, the matter of social legislation.

At the first meeting of the next Congress, when the rollcall of members is read, in response to the name of Representative Rankin, a tall, slender woman with frank, hazel eyes, sandy hair, and an energetic mouth, will signify her presence. From that very moment, countless thousands of women will place their hope, faith, and trust in her. leaving in her hands the protection of their children.

Miss Rankin fully realizes what a weighty responsibility rests upon her. If, perchance, she should make a misstep, create an unfavorable impression upon her associates in the House, cause them to be unyielding to the bills she proposes; moreover, if she should permit the nation at large to regard her as a freak and a joke, it

might be many, many years before another woman could hope to win a place in Congress. But if she offsets the expected prejudice against women law-makers, and drives in an opening wedge for social legislation—as the inspiring course of her past gives evidence that she will—then a signal victory will be won by the women and children of the United States, and the way will be paved for other states to send women to the House of Representatives.

Eminently well chosen is Jeanette Rankin for this task. She possesses a well-balanced personality, a mind trained for the task in hand by long study of economic questions, and thoroughly tempered by the experience she received in settlement

work both on the Atlantic and Pacific sides of the Continent; she is accustomed to the snares and pitfalls laid for the unwary in legislative proceedings, through her activity in various suffrage campaigns; and, finally, she is a social idealist, believing that the nation can be immeasurably benefited by incorporating women's power, and her sympathetic understanding of her own sex, which, for the most part, is a closed book to the men in our law-making bodies to-day.

SOCIAL welfare legislation is my chief concern, and will be," said Miss Rankin. "I've had something to do with a children's home society in Seattle, and I know the needs of the youngsters. That work gave me an insight into the needs of babies, older children, and young adults, and it is for them that I shall work especially."

Bearing in mind her declaration, it is easy to see that an entirely new viewpoint will be aired on the floor of the House when Representative Rankin takes her place there. It will be a point of view not dominated by ideas of postoffice appropriations, harbor extensions, increases in the size of battle cruisers, and scout ships, or by plans for this or that kind of military service, but actuated by a keen realization of the needs of babies, older children, young adults and women.

Such is the message she bears from the women of the nation to Congress, and which she will drive home, not by outlandish or sensational methods, but with expert parliamentary skill and genuine sincerity, as long as she holds office.

Of a pioneer, forward-looking stock, comes this keeneyed, energetic woman, the chosen standard-bearer of her sisters in Montana. She was born just thirty-four years ago, and has three sisters and a brother.



MISS JEANETTE RANKIN

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SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN

By ROYAL BROWN

Illustrated by STOCKTON MULFORD

HE voice at the telephone had simply said that her husband had met with an accident in his automobile, and was injured so badly that there was no chance of his recovery. The news had moved her more strongly than she would have thought possible; but she attributed her agitation to the problem that this new

development presented to her, rather than to any real heart emotion.

The whom she had put definitely out of her life three years before, while she steadfastly refused to hear of divorce, was dying. Legally, she was his wife; but every other tie that boand them she had shattered, except the one indissoluble tie of parenthood. She had passionately claimed their little son as her own indisputable property, and in the same breath declared that since he was the father of that son, there must be no thought of divorce. The arrangement, in which he ultimately agreed, had been at its best one of delicate distinctions. Now a new, tragic element had been added. She felt that Fate, stronger than she, was forcing her hand. In a flash of hot resentment, she blamed the dying man for her present dilemma. She knew his old habits of selfish recklessness, at which he would laugh, unwitting, or careless of the torture they caused her.

The issue of this brief, but poignant turmoil of mind, was inevitable. To ignore the summons was beyond her. She had refused to break the last link that bound her to him, and that left her with a moral, as well as a legal obligation, even though her acquiescence brought her to the bedside of the man she had exiled from her life.



"I am Mrs. Foster," she told the white-faced, but still irreproachably correct and conventional man who opened the door. She realized the banality of that announcement surely Gilbert's servant must know who she was-but she felt the need of some conversational straw to clutch at.

The man bowed. "Please step into Mr. Foster's study,"

he said. "I'll tell the doctor you are here.

Left alone, Elizabeth Foster studied with detached curiosity the room in which she found herself. aware of a vague murmur of voices, subdued but incisive, and of a certain velvet-shod activity that permeated the apartment. She could not bring herself to sit down, but crossed to the fireplace, where the logs blazed cheerily, and stood looking down at the flames.

The bell rang again, and her husband's man came up

the hall, noiselessly, and opened the door.
"Dr. Everts," he announced, briefly. Dr. Everts! Mrs. Foster knew the name, as did everyone else in the city. He was the best in his class-Life's last trump in the game with Death.

The fire became uncomfortable. She had not removed her hat or coat, although her discarded furs lay on the table. This was her husband's home, yet there was something incongruous, something that went against the grain,

in the thought of relaxing here.

The delay seemed interminable. She glanced at the clock. Only ten minutes since she had arrived. From the clock, her eyes traveled up and down the mantel. She saw, with a tightening of the lips, a picture of herself. It had been taken upon one of their camping expeditions and she had always particularly disliked it. At the opposite end of the mantel was a picture of little Gilbert-a very recent one. The photographer must have submitted proofs to her husband, she thought, with quick displeasure.

As she looked at the picture, her eyes grew tender. How strong, how sturdy, how manly little Gilbert was; yetand Mrs, Foster felt a sudden clutching at her heart-how

like his father!

She sat down and opened her coat. The room was unbearably warm.

THE doctor-not Doctor Everts, but a young man whom she did not know-entered quickly. He wore his professional manner as a senior wears his cap and gown, ostentatiously.

"Mrs. Foster, I believe," he said. "I am Dr. Rogers." He realized that he was dealing with a situation new to his brief experience; that, as he told a fellow-practitioner in describing the scene afterward, there was "something rotten in Denmark;" and he talked as if he was trying to avoid conversational pitfalls. Mrs. Foster hardly heard him. She caught snatches, here and there—"unfortunate accident"—"child in the street"—"heroism"—"fear the worst"-"see him now if you wish."

He had to repeat this last before Mrs. Foster awoke to full comprehension. Certainly she would see him. And again came the feeling that she was no longer a free agent, but a marionette. "He is unconscious," Dr. Rogers added

as a final word of preparation.

In the room where her husband lay dying, Mrs. Foster sensed, rather than saw, the quick, evasive scrutiny of both the nurse and the great specialist. She felt, with sudden resentment, that they were probing for some clue that would give them the key to the situation; whereas they were merely marking her pallor and questioning her endurance. She walked quite steadily to the bed and looked-without emotion, she told herself-upon the face of her husband. It was essentially the same as the likeness which she had carried, willy-nilly, in her memory through the years of their separation. Yet it had small elusive differences. It was as if Time, with leisurely chisel, had changed a line here or there, and while working a subtle mutation, defied the observer to discover how it had been wrought.

The nurse placed a chair for her at the head of the bed. As she sat down, automatically, she looked at Dr. Everts. His face, as he stood with eyes intent on his patient, told her nothing, least of all that which she wished to know most-how long it would be. Her eyes returned to her husband's face. His lips were tightly set, as if the pain, subconsciously born, had tapped some fundamental reservoir of mental resistance. The mouth and chin had always been his weakest features; from the first they had been mute warnings of the moral flaccidity which their life together had only too clearly laid bare. Now it seemed to her as if there was new strength there. She wondered, as she pondered her discovery, what it was that gave his face this new quality it had lacked.

It came to her, then, that she was studying him now as she had studied him so many times before the final break. She had convinced herself, at that time, that the man with whom she had lived for four years was the man with whom she would be obliged to live the rest of her life (or his) unless she cut the Gordian knot; in brief, she had denied that time could work any essential changes in him. Yet, now, she found herself studying his face, searching for the surface indications of the inward changes time might have wrought.

The black, wavy hair, tossed and rumpled, was as thick and as glossy as ever. With a pang, she recalled how, from the very first time she had met him, she had felt an almost irresistible desire to run her fingers through that mane and tumble it; a feeling quite apart from the deeper feeling she had afterward borne him. And she remembered how, later in her married life, pretty little Mrs. Shaw had said:

"Do you know, Mrs. Foster, I sometimes feel as if I must run my fingers through your husband's hair. then had added, archly, "Would you mind if I did?"

LITTLE Gilbert had hair like his father's. In spite of its beauty, she almost wished it otherwise. It seemed yet another manifestation of the difference between her viewpoint and Gilbert's. It seemed unmasculine in its beauty; more than that, it had become linked in her mind with Gilbert's lack of character; his selfish joyousness; his petulant disregard of the sterner things in life; his readiness to let burdens slip from his shoulders to hers, or to anybody else's who would take them. The men of her family had harsh, straight, efficient hair; they were men who accepted life's dictates as they came; who went about their work earnestly, if unimaginatively. She remembered that her father had never approved of Gilbert, in spite of his position and his money.

She herself had taken Gilbert questioningly-on credit, as it were. Never doubting the sincerity of his protestations, she had, however, doubted their depth. She had wondered at his selection of her, the strong-minded, clearheaded daughter of a crabbed old Presbyterian doctor whose character had had its effect in the molding of hers. She had fought off love for him for a long time, while surrendering herself to the novel delight of being passionately, impetuously adored. When she married him, it was because she had been swept away in spite of herself; but before the wedding and after it, she weighed the wisdom of her choice. Even in her happiest hours, she had always

watched him-just waiting.

That she dominated their home brought her no pleasure. She was the stronger personality, and in that lay the presage of inevitable tragedy. She was strong herself, and she worshiped strength; not physical, but moral and mental strength. She desired passionately that she and her home be dominated by the man of her choice, as her home and her mother had been dominated by her father. Now, as she looked back over her married life, she doubted whether she had ever been really happy. She had been like a man who has deliberately built his house on the sands, knowing not when the weakness at the base would tumble the structure he had fashioned.

The real tragedy lay in that Gilbert's faults were petty ones. It seemed to her that she could have borne them better if they had been bigger and graver. This was true, too, of his infidelities-infidelities no more serious than a pursuit that had as its guerdon only a smile, a glance, or a

briefly treasured flower; a pursuit that was as lightly put aside as it was begun. A great, consuming, chaos-creating passion she might have forgiven; but she felt that Gilbert loved her as much as he could love anyone, yet was not strong enough to resist small temptations, and thereby keep that love untarnished.

A ripple of consciousness passed over the injured man's face. Mrs. Foster looked quickly at Dr. Everts. He was

crouched forward, eagerly studying his The patient. eyes of the sufferer flickered open, the mouth relaxed, and a brief sigh of anguish escaped from the lips. And then, as consciousness brought recollection, the eyes of the injured man circled the room, resting finally on the face of his wife. The mouth smiled transiently; the lips formed for expression.

TELL—Gilbert's nurse—to keep—him out of the street."

The sickroom faded from sight and mental vision took its place. She saw the wide, asphalted street up which the automobiles sped so quickly; she saw Gilbert, bound homeward from the park, tugging at the hand of Homer, his nurse, like a terrier strain-

ing at its leash. She had visioned—how many times!—little Gilbert's triumphant escape, the speeding car, the inevitable tragedy. But her husband was speaking again.

"I've left-my house-in order."

The dark eyes which she remembered as glowering angrily when things went wrong, looked into her own, with pride. His house in order! She remembered, with something of a pang, how many things had not been in order in his house—the figurative house to which he now referred, and how often she had reproached him with that fact. It

surprised her that he who had never sacrificed himself in the minor details of life without a petulant protest that sickened her soul, was making the supreme sacrifice without question, almost gladly.

She was turning over in her mind the things she wanted to ask Dr. Everts, when suddenly he broke in on her thoughts.

"I think you had better leave the room. There is nothing you can do now. I'll call you again-if it is necessary."

"TELL MOTHER ABOUT-FATHER,"

SHE SAID GENTLY

She rose. a bit dizzilyshe who had never fainted! -and would have fallen had not the nurse caught her. A moment, and she was in her husband's study again, the nurse with her grave, wholly professional smile, bending over her.

"Tell me," she asked, "was,the child hurt?"

"No," answered the nurse. "Mr, Foster swung his car up over the sidewalk and down into an areaway without touching the child."

After the nurse left her, Mrs. Foster's mind revolved about that description. She had moral courage to spare; yet she lacked physical courage and was conscious of it. Now she visualized the car speeding onward, the s u d d e n swerve, the quick decision, the crash, the sickening

drop—visualized it all so powerfully that she felt a physical revulsion as her flesh recoiled from the picture. And she thought of the penalty! She was a religious woman; she said her prayers every night; she believed in God and Heaven, but she had an absolute, unreasoning terror of death. Gilbert, with no belief worth the name to shape his course, here or hereafter, had no such fear. To save her son, she would have done as he had done. But she knew that he had done this to save another's child.

[Continued on page 17]

ANNA V. HYATT (above), an American sculptor, at work in her New York studio. She was recently presented with the Purple Button of France, an honor only a step in rank below the Legion of Honor, for her statue of Joan of Arc. Most of her work has been in modeling animals (see "The Jaguar" on opposite page).



With Legends by



THE Intruder," exquisite table fountain in gold, by Bessie Potter Vonnah.



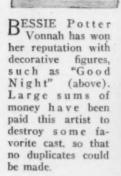


JANET SCUDDER (at the left) spends her winters working in New York, and her summers in her villa in France. Reproductions of her work are exhibited in all the great galleries of the world. Her specialty is fountains, many of which beautify public parks and the estates of millionaires. She has recently been commissioned to design the Indiana Centennial medal, celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of Indiana's admission to the Union.

AND CLAY

FIVE WOMEN FAME

CORINNE UPDEGRAFF WELLS







THE original of "The Jaguar" (above) was so ferocious that his keepers never made friends with him. For two months Miss Hyatt sat daily before his cage, and at the end of that time, to the astonishment of the keepers, artist and animal were friends. Miss Hyatt is as proud of this fact as of having made the notable figure.

ABASTENIA St.
Leger Eberle (at
the right) maintains her
studio in the heart of New
York's great tenement district, and uses only the east
side types which surround
her home as the models for
her work. While Miss Eberle
has studied only in the United
States, her statues have been
found worthy of exhibition in
art museums in all the leading
cities of Europe.



THE NAMELESS MAN

By NATALIE SUMNER LINCOLN

Illustrated by H. R. BALLINGER

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS.—Colonel Calhoun, a Californian, offers ten thousand dollars to anyone who will go to Washington and reveal a Japanese intrigue. An unknown man accepts the wager. On an eastbound train Dwight Tilghman is go to Washington and reveal a Japanese intrigue. An unknown man accepts the wager. On an eastbound train Dwight Tilghman is murdered. Barclay, a train companion, had lent Tilghman his brandy flask, one supposedly of unique design, which has mysteriously disappeared—and the poison which killed Tilghman was dissolved in brandy! Yoshido Ito, a Japanese, is suspected of the crime, but proves an alibi, although in a mysterious manner he draws before Barclay's eyes the identical pattern on Barclay's flask. Before retiring that night, Barclay discovers in his pocket the miniature of a beautiful girl. Ito is permitted to leave the train, and immediately afterward, Professor Norcross, another traveler, convinces Barclay that Ito's alibi was false. Norcross and Barclay, unknown to each other, are both on their way to visit the Ogdens in Washington. There, Barclay, astounded, meets Ethel Ogden, a cousin of his host, in whom he recognizes the original of the miniature, although she denies ever having had a miniature painted. James Patterson, a California representative, wants Ethel to marry him; and Norcross and Barclay, also, are soon interested in her. At a reception at the Japanese Embassy, Barclay sees Ito, but, as soon as he gets near him, the man disappears. Afterward, Barclay discovers, in an anteroom, a flask identical to his. The flask contains some liquid which he takes to have analyzed. Ethel notices that Maru Takasaki, the Japanese attaché, and Barclay are antagonistic. Barclay owns a jade ring which Takasaki tells them means betrayal and death if worn by a man, and love and loyalty if worn by a woman. Later Barclay asks Ethel to wear it and is telling her he loves her when Ogden interrupts. when Ogden interrupts.

CHAPTER VIII

ALTER OGDEN stopped on the threshold of the den, and regarded Julian Barclay with open displeasure.

"Come, come, Julian, this won't do," he said, slamming to the door behind him, and taking the seat left vacant by Ethel. "I don't object to a little harmless flirtation, but you apparently forget that Ethel Ogden is engaged to James Patterson."

Barclay whitened, and his clear, dark eyes contracted as with sudden uncontrollable anguish; then, mastering his emotion, he faced the older man with his usual nonchalant

"I was not aware, Ogden, that-that-Miss Ogden was engaged to be married," he began, and stopped, uncertain of his ability to keep his voice expressionless.
"I quite understand," put in Ogden, more kindly. "Ethel

is greatly to blame-"No." The contr The contradiction rang out clearly, and this time there was no mistaking the look in Barclay's eyes. "Miss Ogden is entirely blameless. It was my joy in her society which made me"—speaking more slowly—"blind to the situation.'

Ogden did not reply at once, and Barclay stared steadily out of the window through which the noon sunshine crept in ever increasing volume; yet to him the day had become suddenly gray and cheerless. Ogden's voice aroused him from his bitter thoughts.

When are you returning to the East?" he asked.

"I haven't made any definite plans." Barclay glanced at the mantel clock. "If you will excuse me, Ogden," rising, "I have to keep an engagement at the club."

"Will you be back to luncheon?" queried Ogden, ac-

companying him into the hall.

"No. Please make my apologies to Cousin Jane." Barclay disappeared down the staircase, while Ogden, with the feeling of work well done, went back to his den; his hint to Barclay might, perhaps, be broader than the situation merited, but it could do no permanent harm. James Patterson, in his opinion, was entitled to a fair field, and the sooner he and Ethel were married, the better for all parties.

Ethel, never dreaming that her cousin concerned himself in her future welfare, dressed for luncheon with nervous rapidity. But her taste did not prevent her from stopping now and then to inspect the ring on her third finger. It was somewhat loose, and she debated a moment as to whether she should wind cotton thread about the hoop to tighten it; but a sudden imperative message from Mrs. Ogden sent her flying down the hall wearing the ring just as Barclay had given it to her.

She hesitated outside the drawing-room entrance, then, with heightened color, advanced into the room; but the man who turned from the window on her entrance was not Barclay, and the happy sparkle died from her eyes as she

greeted James Patterson.

I met Mrs. Ogden down-town," he explained, sitting on the sofa by her, "and she very kindly brought me home to luncheon.

"What about your Congressional duties?" asked Ethel

mischievously.

"They can go hang," with impulsive bitterness. Then, more calmly, "The House has adjourned over to-day. I telephoned early this morning, Ethel, to ask you to go motoring, but the maid said you were out-with, I suppose"the bitterness returned to his voice-"Julian Barclay."

MRS. OGDEN'S entrance saved Ethel from reply. right in to luncheon," she said. "Professor Norcross and Walter are already waiting for us," and Patterson, disappointed in not having a longer tête-à-tête with Ethel, sulkily accompanied them into the dining-room. But Mrs. Ogden saw to it that he sat between her and Ethel, and he brightened instantly. Only Professor Norcross, seated across the table, observed the shadow on Ethel's face as she glanced at the empty seat opposite her.
"Where is Julian?" demanded Mrs. Ogden, voicing

Ethel's unspoken question.

"Lunching at the club; he told me to make his excuses,"

responded Ogden.

Professor Norcross smiled at Ethel. "How went the lesson this morning? Was Takasaki interesting in his parts of speech?"

"I do wish, Ethel, you would give up teaching the Japanese," broke in Patterson, before she could answer the

Professor.

"Well, really!" Ethel faced Patterson indignantly. "I cannot see what difference it should make to you.'

'I did not mean it quite in the way it sounds," Patterson hastened to explain. He had been in a temper all the morning, and his disappointment at not getting Ethel to accompany him motoring had not added to his amiability. "But I dislike to think of their getting any help from us, no matter how small."

"The Japanese know more of us to-day-our habits, our

weaknesses, our shortcomings—"
"But not our strength," broke in Norcross. "And our strength," asserted Patterson calmly,

Ogden threw himself back in his chair and shrugged his shoulders.

"Upon my word, Patterson, you are a worthy disciple

of Carter Calhoun," he announced.

"A most misjudged man," retorted Patterson hotly. "If this country were to listen to him, we would be in a state of preparedness; instead of which—" and a gesture of disgust finished the sentence.

CANNOT believe we are going to the dogs just yet." Ogden helped himself to salad. "How about it, Norcross? Your profession has taken you pretty well around the globe; what is your opinion of international politics?"



"I WAS NOT AWARE, OGDEN, THAT-THAT-MISS OGDEN WAS ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED"

Addressed directly, Norcross laid down knife and fork. "I have talked with a number of Californians, Mr. Patterson," he began, "and their opinion seems to be that the educated Californians do not fear a Japanese invasion. Of course, as a representative from that State, you are, undoubtedly, in a better position to judge of the local situation than I am."

"I do not see any necessity for war with Japan," broke in Ogden, and his positive tone caused Patterson to flush

"Nor do we on the Pacific slope see the menace you in the east imagine approaching on your Atlantic Coast line," he retorted. "But both are there. The world could not see the invasion of Belgium-but it took place."

Ethel, finishing her salad, suddenly became aware that Professor Norcross was closely studying the ring on her third finger. As he raised his eyes, their looks crossed, and Ethel felt her color heighten. But the Professor's glance passed on until it rested on Patterson.

"Dwight Tilghman would have supported your theories, Mr. Patterson," he said. "He, also, apparently, had not a

too friendly feeling for the Japanese."
"Tilghman! Yes." Patterson declined the ice offered him. "Poor fellow, his death certainly was a frightful

shock to me. I had planned to meet him in Atlanta, and missed the train."

"Was he the man murdered on your train, Professor?" inquired Mrs. Ogden.

"Yes." Norcross sipped his black coffee meditatively. "A very mysterious case. Hasn't Mr. Barclay discussed it with you, Miss Ogden?"

"He has spoken of it," she amended.
"And what is his opinion?" asked Patterson, with his usual abruptness. "Whom does he think poisoned Tilgh-

"Why, the Japanese-what was his name?" Ethel looked at Norcross.

"Yoshida Ito," he responded. "Strange the police cannot trace the man's whereabouts. It seems to me he ought to be an easy person to locate."

"They will, they will; give them time." Ogden rose at a sign from his wife. "May I take you anywhere in my motor, Norcross?" and the Professor, after a lingering. wistful glance at Ethel and Patterson, who had gravitated again to her side as they left the dining-room, accepted his Mrs. Ogden, chatting volubly, escorted Patterson offer. and Ethel back to the drawing-room, and discreetly disappeared.

ETHEL"-Patterson declined the seat she indicated and stepped to her side--"will you marry me?" and his deep breathing showed the emotion under which he was laboring.

Ethel turned her head slowly until her eyes met his.

"No, Jim," she said simply.

Patterson stared at her, his color receding; then, without a word, he dropped on the sofa and buried his face in his hands. Ethel moved to go to him, then checked her-self. What could she say to him? She would not marry him. Vividly before her rose Julian Barclay's face, and the memory of his impassioned whisper as he gave her his ring. Ah, she must abide by the dictates of her heart; love could not be forced or manufactured.

Jim," she murmured, "I'm sorry."

Patterson rose at the sound of her voice. "It's all right," he said unsteadily. "You've never encouraged me to hope-I might have known," he sighed wearily. "But it's human nature to feed on hope. Tell me, Ethel, is it Julian Barclay?" She did not need to answer, the light that crept into her eyes at the mere mention of Barclay's name betrayed her. Patterson's hands clenched spas-

"It's bitter to lose you," he acknowledged, and his tone proved the truth of his words, "but to Julian Barclay-a stranger-where-where does he come from?'

"Chicago." Ethel looked at him in astonishment.

"So he says, but I don't believe it." Patterson clutched the back of a chair with hard, gripping fingers. "I don't believe it," he reiterated. "I've asked, and no one has heard of him there. I don't trust him."

"Nonsense!" Ethel's sympathy was rapidly changing to anger. "Mr. Barclay is a cousin of our hostess, Mrs. Ogden."

AND who was Mrs. Ogden before her marriage?" Patterson laughed dryly; then noting her expression, he added, "Ethel, dear, I am only thinking of you, of your future-and I don't believe Julian Barclay can make you

"I prefer not to discuss the matter further," answered Ethel coldly; then, as he winced, she added impulsively, "can't we be friends, Jim?"

He clasped her extended hand eagerly. "Friends," he repeated. "Yes, I'll be your friend; in spite of yourself, Ethel, you shall be guarded against Julian Barclay. I've seen him somewhere before"-he broke off as Ethel tried to withdraw her hand from his clasp. "To think I've lost you," he muttered brokenly. "Ethel, my Ethel," and drawing her to him, he kissed her passionately.

"Pardon!" exclaimed an astonished voice behind them, and Ethel, wrenching herself free, darted into the hall without waiting to see who the newcomer was. Professor Norcross picked up some papers from the table, and casting a curious glance at Patterson, who presented his back

to him, retreated to the waiting automobile.

Safe in her room, Ethel flung herself on the bed and strove to regain her lost composure. She was furiously angry with James Patterson, more angry than she had been in years with anyone. It was horrid of him to have kissed her, and she passed her handkerchief across her lips; but worst of all, it was outrageous of him to have tried to prejudice her against Julian Barclay.

Quickly her thoughts turned to Barclay, and she lay in dreamy contemplation of the events of the last ten days as they passed in quick succession before her mind's eye. Barclay's personality had dominated her every action, and, all unconsciously, she had fallen under his sway. At first, she had rebelled against her longing to see him, to be near him; but the eager, wistful lighting of his eyes when she appeared found a gradual response. His wooing had not been of the patient order, and Ethel, swept off her feet, was drifting with the tide—to what—?

Ethel moved restlessly. Pshaw! James Patterson's vague doubts were not worthy a second thought. Julian Barclay was the soul of honor, of loyalty-she would not believe otherwise. Somehow the bed was no longer comfortable, and Ethel decided to find something to do.

A neat pile of letters, evidently from the afternoon mail, attracted her attention, and opening them proved a welcome diversion. The last was a letter from her mother, and she read the large, sprawling writing with zest. Mrs. Ogden was a poor correspondent, and Ethel depended as a rule on getting news of her family from her father. letter was not long; Ethel read with pleasure the doctor's favorable report of her father's condition, of the few entertainments her mother had attended. She was about to close the letter, when she saw the initials: "P. S.," and the word "over" squeezed in at the bottom of the sheet. Mrs. Ogden, with the inconsequence which characterized her, was given to postscripts which frequently proved to contain the most important news of her letters; so Ethel turned the last sheet with eager anticipation.

"P. S.—The enclosed clipping has recalled to my mind a strange sight which I entirely forgot to mention to your father. I think I told you of meeting Jim Patterson in the Atlanta station nearly ten days ago when I went to see

Aunt Susan on her train.

"On leaving the car, I turned about and walked down the train-shed to the station. On passing a sleeper far down the line, I looked up and saw, through the polished window pane, a hand holding a small open paper between the thumb and first and second fingers. I perceived nothing but the hand; no head was visible or other part of the body; but I gathered the impression that a powder was being shaken into a cup.

"There wasn't a soul in the vicinity, and I walked some distance before it dawned on me that I was headed the wrong way, and turned about. I intended speaking of the hand, but meeting Jim Patterson put the whole thing out of my mind. I never would have remembered the incident but for the enclosed clipping. My recollection of the hand, however, is vivid, and I've drawn it on paper for you. Had

I better communicate with the coroner?

"YOUR DEVOTED MAMMA."

Considerably bewildered, Ethel laid down her mother's letter, and picked up the newspaper clipping. It proved to be a brief account of the inquest on Dwight Tilghman,

chiefly given over to the medical testimony.

"Bless me! Perhaps Mother has chanced on a clue," ejaculated Ethel, unaware that she spoke aloud. will be interested in her postscript. Her 'hand' sounds mysterious and terrible; where is the sketch she spoke of?" -and dropping the newspaper clipping, Ethel hurriedly examined the letter and then its envelope.

Inside the latter, she found what she was seeking, and drew out a piece of drawing paper. Mrs. Ogden was no mean artist, but her indolent spirit and inability to concentrate acted as an effectual check to her ambition, and

the one talent she possessed went neglected.

Ethel inspected the drawing with interest. Mrs. Ogden had cleverly sketched the outside of a sleeper, and through the closed glass window stood out a hand, a large, shapely hand, holding a paper about the size of those enclosing a powder, between the thumb and first and second fingers. The outside of the hand was nearest the window, and on the little finger, distinct and clear, was the outline of a ring. As Ethel bent closer, she caught her breathslowly, reluctantly she raised her left hand and laid it alongside the sketch. In size, design, and color, the ring on her finger and the ring in the sketch were identical.

Ethel sat staring first at the sketch and then at her ring, unmindful of the minutes, and gradually her chaotic thoughts took form. Dwight Tilghman had been murdered in Atlanta by a poisoned powder administered mysteriously; her mother had seen a hand holding a small paper, which might or might not have contained a powdered poison, in the window of a car in the station at Atlanta; and the hand wore a jade ring with a unique, carved gold setting, on its little finger-the identical ring which Julian Barclay had, until that noon, also worn on his little

Ethel bent over the sketch-was it the left hand or the right which her mother had seen? She could not tell from

the drawing; but it hardly mattered. Julian Barclay had said he had worn the ring first on one hand and then on the other; therefore, the point was immaterial. That Julian Barclay was also a traveler on the train with Dwight Tilghman was only a coincidence, she assured herself; but was it also only a coincidence that Julian Barclay had that morning given her the ring? Heavens! could he have given her the ring because its possession to him meant-"betrayal and death"?

The sketch fell unheeded to the floor, as Ethel stared in horror at the jade ring with its encircling dragon.

CHAPTER IX

JULIAN BARCLAY'S luncheon at the club had been a polite fiction, invented under the spur of his desire to be by himself; he felt that he could not face Ethel just then; at least, not in the presence of Walter Ogden and his wife.

Once outside the Ogden house, Barclay turned blindly toward the country. An instinctive desire to reason out his troubles in the open guided his footsteps, and how long he tramped, and where, on the outskirts of Washington, he never knew; but when he again reached the down-town section of the city he had recovered his composure and decided on his future actions. Too long he had drifted with the tide; whatever the consequences to himself he must take his place in the affairs of men. As to Ethel-he winced and bit his lip; other and better men had had to renounce their heart's desire. A past of shadows was an unstable foundation on which to build a dream of happiness, and deserved a rude awakening. but one thing for him to do-to bid Ethel good-bye and wish her God-speed on the road to happiness.

Barclay stepped into a corner drug-store, looked up a number in the city directory, and entering a taxi cab, repeated the number to the chauffeur. Within ten minutes he was standing in an office building interviewing a colored servant.

"Dr. McLane is in his office now, sir; step this way, sir," and the office boy piloted him into a well-lighted room.

Barclay picked up a newspaper, but the printed lines failed to interest him, and when Dr. Leonard McLane entered the room to summon the next patient into his consulting office, Barclay was looking out of the window. The surgeon's roving glance halted as it fell on Barclay's fine profile, then passed on; but each time that McLane reentered the room he contrived, without attracting Barclay's attention, to get a better and nearer view of him.

"Well, sir?" McLane's clear, resonant voice broke in, finally, on Barclay's sad thoughts, "What can I do for you?" And looking up, Barclay found that he was the last patient, and that the two men were alone.

"I would like a word with

you in private," he said, rising from his chair.

McLane bowed. "This way, then," and stepping inside the consulting office, Barclay selected a chair farthest from the window, while the surgeon closed the communicating door, and sat down before his desk. He waited for Barclay to speak, but it was some minutes before the latter broke the silence.

HRRALLINGER

"I have not come to consult you as a patient, Doctor,"

he began, "but on a private matter."
"Yes?" McLane's voice again aroused Barclay, and he cleared his throat nervously.

"I realize that you are very busy," he stammered, glancing about the well-arranged office. "I promise not to take



up your time needlessly. Here is my card"-laying his visiting-card on the desk.

"Well, Mr. Barclay, what can I do for you?" he asked. "Give me all the details of the inquest on Dwight Tilghman," answered Barclay promptly. "I understand that you went to Atlanta with the body and stayed for the inquest." [Continued on page 103]

THE MOVIE MARATHON

By HOMER CROY

a moving-picture studio in Los Angeles, where there are a large number of them, a girl had been coming daily, for a long time, to apply for a position. Sharply at eight o'clock every morning she had arrived, and stood for hours in the weary line, waiting and hoping to be placed. Then one morning it happened; quietly, limply, she sank down in a heap-fainted. They carried her to the hospital-an accessory to every picture camp-and there the

ING-ROOM

doctor, after a hurried examination, calmly announced, "Starvation." The girl's story was a simple one. She had starred in amateur theatricals in her country town, and encouraged by this, she had come away from home with a dream of soon seeing herself on the movingpicture screen. She did not realize just how hard it is to get a place in the movies. Apparently, ever since she arrived in the big city, she had walked to and from the studio-five cents saved each way-gone

without the proper food, and then, in the midst of the strain, had

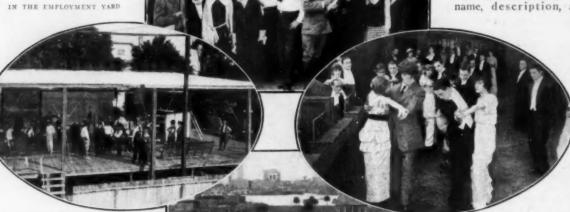
fainted. This incident is n plants. It is either utter This incident is not an unusual one in the moving-picture collapse immediately, or the slow starving that breaks the spirit first, and the health later on.

Even though a girl has ability, it does not mean that she can get a place in the movies. There are al-

set off by itself where she must make her application. It is a small, dreary hole with a large "yard" of its own; and here the aspiring star must spend much of her time, since the little office is soon overflooded by the applying crowd. And this outdoor waiting-place, minus any conveniences, but with plenty of standingroom, goes by the

heartless name of "the pen" in the profession. A DIFFICULT FEAT

> The first person an applicant always sees is the employment agent's as-sistant. He takes her name, description, and



WHEN A GIRL'S WORK IS ESPECIALLY GOOD, SHE IS ADVANCED TO SPECIAL "STOCK"

ways dozens of girls trying just as hard as she is to get a hearing, and probably at least a fair majority of them have had more experience. Becoming a moving-picture actress is not, as so many people seem to think, a mere matter of going to the director and telling him about one's ability. A girl has to go about getting her start in an en-

picture concern is not even allowed in the so-called main "yard." There is a little office MAN WITH THE HAT ON) COACHING A GROUP OF REGULAR "EXTRAS"

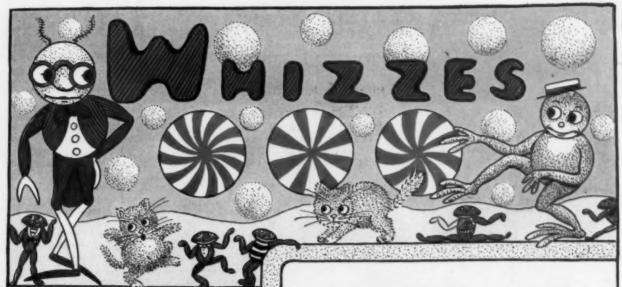
address, and files it mechanically in a card catalogue. At one plant in Los Angeles are the names and addresses of three thousand people, who are ready, at any minute, to answer the call for extra help.

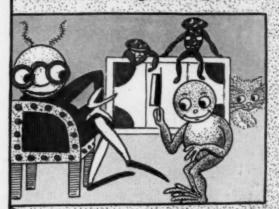
After this unceremonious entry, the girl must sit around and wait until the employment agent comes out to select someone for a small part. (The employment agent is the intermediary between the director and the applicant.) The

[Continued on page 98]

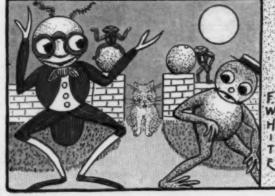
tirely different manner. Unfortunately, an applicant for a position in a moving-

THEY WORK, MOVIE EXTRAS RECEIVE A DOLLAR A DAY









By FREDERICK L. WHITE

THE Whiz was a creature quite stately, His manner abstruse, and profound, And the Bingle admired him greatly, And frequently followed him 'round.

His air of refinement and learning Appealed to the Bingle so much, That he felt an impossible yearning For culture and letters, as such.

One evening the simple young Bingle— He'd eaten a number of tarts— Requested the Whiz to commingle Some thoughts on the various arts.

The Whiz began weaving and spouting Words, phrases, statistics and facts, Dancing hither and thither, and shouting, In a series of staggering acts.

The Bingle, confused and astounded—
His brain was just plain commonplace—
Left dazed, overcome, and confounded,
With a look of despair on his face.

MORAL

Some learning and culture just fizzes, And true understanding is hard, A Whiz is a whiz when he whizzes, And art you can buy by the yard.

A TEACHER'S WAY OUT

By KATHARINE KINGSLEY CROSBY

Illustrated by J. HENRY

My heart jumped. No one had ever called me that before. This was my first morning, in my first school, and here was a little rosebud of a girl to greet me on the doorstep with the magic title. I felt like a

queen come to her own.

It was a country school, that first one, and I was raw from college. There were dozens of classes every day, for less than a dozen boys and girls of assorted sizes. I was expected to know all sorts of preposterous things, most of which were not even mentioned in any teachers' training course. But when small Guy and Rosalie stood by my knee and spelled out the blackboard "c-a-t" with stubby fingers, I felt that teaching was a woman's work, and my work. No grand duke was ever prouder of his title than I, when my youngsters hailed me down the road with, "Here comes Teacher!"

The glamor of teaching lasted for just one year. Then I took a position in a high school. The work was light and interesting, the hours short. But no one called me "Teacher," with a capital T. They said I was "one of the teachers." That sounded very—oh, so very different! I resented it.

Teaching wasn't the only thing I could do. I had written stories for publication. At home I knew interesting people. All sorts of vague ambitions not only lured me, but made me, at times, thoroughly rebellious and miserable. I felt that I could amount to something some day, that "I had it in me," and that all I needed was the opportunity.

BUT, as "one of the teachers," in the high school, I felt flat, stifled. For the first time, I realized why so many of my colleagues called our work drudgery. We were lumped professionally, together, intellectually, socially. People left us more or less to ourselves, and as far as they were concerned, we might easily have known no one outside our own group. This was in a small town, of course, but in cities the tendency is exactly the same.

When I went back to college for commence-

ment that year, I overheard my favorite professor say, "Too bad—she's getting the teacher-mouth already. It doesn't take them long, does it?"

I rushed down to the locker-room and looked in the glass. It was true. The corners of my mouth were getting tucked in. I was looking severe. My eyes were critical, appraising. That afternoon, I surveyed my teaching classmates to see whether they, too, were beginning to show the stigma of our profession. Most of our girls had gone into teaching, because in that vocation there is most apt to be an open door, and the long vacations, and the respectability

which go hand-in-hand with it, form an easily trodden path. Parents have a way, too, of expecting one to teach school as a matter of course, because it is so safe. Thus, what else is there for a girl to do? To my searching eyes, it seemed that we all bore the same deadly marks of our work; it was not that we were a year older, or two years older; we were harder, tenser, more authoritative, more old-maidish.

That last word struck me like a blow. We were becoming old-maidish, every one of us who taught. Mary Lambert, who stayed at home, still looked sweet, and wistful, and girlish; Margaret Widdemer, who had gone into business, looked alert, alive, womanly; Joyce Wilbur was full of enthusiasm over her newspaper work, radiant with new interests, and almost a new personality. But the rest of us were looking stale. Suddenly, it came to me that nowadays the term "old maid" is rarely applied to any save school-marms. Doctors, lawyers, stenographers, newspaper women, social workers are merely unmarried. But we are old maids, and that is different. It is so different, that you can tell us in a street car by our mouths tucked

in at the corners, our coldly critical eyes, slightly dominant manner, and, if you chance to overhear what we are saying, our shoppy conversation.

All this was getting to be true of me, and I had had nothing like the grind of teaching in a city grade to contend with, either. My work was light and pleasant, and I had no end of energy and enthusiasm for it and for life in general. But I sat for five hours a day in a warm, chalk-dusty room, impressing myself strenuously upon class after class of youngsters who would so much rather have been outdoors-where they belonged-that it was a constant battle to hold their attention. Every teacher has to struggle against somewhat similar difficulties. When the day is ended, you feel about as intelligent and spirited as a dead jellyfish.

If there were a chance to recuperate during the remaining nineteen hours

of the day, no harm would be done. Some women have this chance, and others, by some special gift, have within themselves a miraculous fount of renewal. They are the born teachers, with a genius for their work, and they are as few in their profession as geniuses are in any profession—so few that if we had to depend on them for the public instruction of our youth, nine-tenths of our population would have to go uneducated. Of necessity, the vast majority of teachers have to do the best they can with no special aptitude for the work. I was one of the vast majority, and it behooved me to follow in their footsteps.

FANTASY

By KATHERINE WILLIAMS SINCLAIR

Where does the road to Nowhere lead?
Out through the land of Dream;
A dipping path
To the aftermath,
By a winding, lawless stream.

Where does the road to Nowhere lead?
O'er the sea of boundless hope,
Where no shadow's cast
By future or past,
And the world is a glorious scope.

Where does the road to Nowhere lead? It rises, dips and strays,
Down echoing paths
Of silvery laughs,
And fragrant, beflowered ways.

Why perish for love of the deeper quests, Or hope to subdue an earth? When the road to Nowhere leads away Warm i' the sun of a happy to-day, And joy of each moment's birth.

As "one of the teachers," I had little chance outside of school for complete change of thought. I boarded with three of my fellows in a private family which had always "kept the teachers." When we went anywhere, we went in a body, and people talked down to our level about Johnnie, or Susie or Horace. Did we think it worth while for them to study Latin, or would bookkeeping or the languages do them more good? Among ourselves, we had few fresh

subjects of conversation, and the talk inevitably led back to shop. All our working hours were filled with school, and the problems of little, immature minds. We almost forgot how it felt to think, and judge, and feel as women, as citizens of a grown-up world.

What was to be done? Of course, there were other ways of earning a living. I did not have to teach. But it occurred to me that my problem was a sporting proposition which I would do well to solve, rather than dodge. Well, I solved it; and then I stopped teaching school, but not because I had to -which is the point.

A man is a success in business as long as he runs it; but he is a failure as soon as he begins to let it run him. I doubt if there is any profession which gets command of one more quickly than teaching. Teaching is all drudgery and grind, if one will submit to its being that. It is rather spirited fun, if one refuses to submit. I tried a policy of nonsubmission for a week, with many qualms and inner quakings, and a whole

basketful of uncorrected papers for the dump. I cut out every bit of drudgery, and just reveled in the game of getting ideas into the heads of those little Johnnies and Susies, in spite of themselves, and, to my amazement, I began to succeed! The children stopped being small resistance machines, and leaped to meet me. It wasn't because they even suspected what I was doing to their laborious papers, for they did not. Instead, they merely found me having a good time, and feeling happy and full of life, and just naturally fell into the spirit and helped me swing things. We had all manner of good times together, laughing at the tiniest opportunity, and spurring each other on to new efforts.

OF course, you can't go on indefinitely dropping themes and tests into the waste-basket, because some schools require that you grade your pupils' grasp of facts to the exactitude of a single per cent. But I had proved to myself that I was on the right road, and set about seeing what was to be done about the troublesome regulations.

My solution proved so simple that I wept because I had never thought of it before. Living down my street was a retired teacher, pinching along on her meager pension, who rejoiced at the chance to do the drudgery part of my teaching, at a mutually satisfactory sum. She promised secrecy, too, which is necessary in a heretical community. During the year that I remained in that school, I did not again take home a school paper or book.

At the end of the term, the superintendent of schools called upon me twice to try to persuade me to remain, although he had nearly a score of applicants for the place. He said my classes were unusually responsive, and that I was really doing progressive teaching.

UTTING out drudgery was not the whole story of my success, though, I changed my boarding-place to a farm where they were short-handed and let me work in the fields after hours, or shuck corn in the barn, or help with the churn, and the poultry, and the pigs. The farmer's wife had gotten under her job, just as I had gotten under mine, and I helped her pull herself out and get on top of it. We had a mighty good time together after that. Her son had been to agricultural college, and was doing the same thing for his father, but, of course, had not specially noticed the woman's end of the drudgery. I took a summer course at the agricultural college, myself, that year, and went back to the farm

in September, but not to board; for I was no longer a

That last year of teaching, I am glad to say, was a revelation to me of what the profession can offer to a woman. I worked hard at it, six hours a day-hard, but happily. Out of hours, I did a woman's work, and did it with my hands, and my head, and among grown-ups. I won't say that I quite made teaching a side issue, but I did so as nearly as I had as many vigorous outside interests as I could find, and a minimum of intercourse with other teachers. I tried my utmost to be a woman first, and a teacher incidentally, and, in this way, I not only thoroughly enjoyed every minute of the day, but got highly superior results from the youngsters.

A teacher's success with her pupils depends largely on her personality; her personality depends on her health, and her happiness, and her sympathy with youth; and, in turn, all of these depend on the way she spends her waking hours out of school.



I CUT OUT EVERY BIT OF DRUDGERY, AND REVELED IN THE GAME OF GETTING IDEAS INTO THE HEADS OF THE YOUNGSTERS

THE EASTER BONNET

By EVELYN TOBEY, Head of the Millinery Department of Columbia University

Illustrated by MARGUERITE and NATALIE GOUBERT

N the world of up-to-the-minute headgear, satin still predominates, although each day, as it advances toward the Eastertide, adds just a little more straw to the smart bonnet, a little more chic to the frame.

The varieties in hat ornamentation make up a long list this season, but buttons are a decidedly new appendage.

They are inexpensive, and yet so effective, that their acceptance has been instantaneous. The dressy model (Fig. I) seen in an ultra-fashionable shop on one of the streets just off of Fifth Avenue. applies this button trimming in one of the ways most popular. The hat itself, made of exquisite black satin, and bound on the edge with black braid is, in itself, noteworthy; but the tiny black buttons placed all around the top crown, and the large ones forming a grape motif in front, give it a final touch of distinction.

Incidentally, these buttons are applied with equal success

to large hats and small, in a variety of arrangements. On turbans, small flat buttons are sewed around the top edge of the coronet, or around the top of the side crown, and I have noticed that on some hats they are placed very close together, while on others they are as far as one inch apart. The grape cluster on the stunning model pictured, just one of many possible designs, has been used at the front, back, right, and left of the crown on many of the new hats, with equal success. Whatever the application, however, these buttons in silver finish or gold, or in any of the brilliant colors used in contrast with the hat foundation, are unsurpassed.

In conventionalized design and realistic, the hand-made trimming-simple embroidery in coarse wool and silk threads-has apparently come to stay. Straw-braid trimmings, too, have gained in popularity, this spring, and on many of the hats of almost unapproachable cost, I have

found flowers and cabochons, buckles and other tailored arrangements, all cleverly fashioned out of this material.

While walking through one of our huge terminals the other evening, I stopped for a moment near the gate of the Southern Limited. A fashionably attired young woman came rushing up just as I was about to turn away, wearing the sort of bonnet which, though decidedly simple, always takes such a conspicuous place in the Easter parade. Its color combi-

nations were striking and I decided, at a glance, that this hat was quite the smartest had seen this season. Figure 2 is its exact counterpart. It was made of dull blue braid, and had a lighter blue satin facing. The daisies surrounding

the side crown-in realistic design -were created of burnt-orange wool, and had brown French-knot centers. The stems looked very real, indeed, formed of green wool, and twisted in just the right way. The ends of these stems were hidden from sight under a narrow band of blue grosgrain ribbon drawn around the base of the

crown, and at the very tip edge, directly in front, was stuck a tiny tailored bow of the same ribbon. (By the way, fashion seems to have definitely decreed, this season, that the trimmings on the new hats, of whatever variety, shall be placed directly

in front, or finished in front.) Every hat I have selected to introduce to you this month, you will notice, keeps firmly to this dictum.

Almost invariably this spring season, when satin does not form the basis for the modish hat-large or small-it is introduced in some interesting form in the trimming. Madame K, whose name stands for all that is first and final in millinery on Fifth Avenue, has decided that she, as far as possible, would remain faithful to the traditional straw for use on the new hats for Easter wear.

The large, graceful hat with the attractive satin drape (Fig. 4), is one of her exclusive models, the crown and upper brim of which are fashioned of a novelty straw braid in a very dark brown. The hat is faced and trimmed with satin to correspond in tone with the straw, while the little dots ornamenting the satin which is so artistically swung around the crown, are worked in delft blue wool thread, emphasizing the present-day conventionalized vogue in embroidery. Even the buckle here—certainly indispensable—gets its individuality from the simple blanket-stitches which surround it.

The willowy model (Fig. 3), striking in taupe and rich rose color, was also designed by Madame K. It flaps about in true leghorn fashion, and is altogether an innovation in

FIG. I FIG. 3

[Concluded on page 99]

PARIS OFFERS TWO SILHOUETTES

LA JUPE TONNEAU, THE LATEST INNOVATION

By OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

HÈRE AMIE:-

It has come at last—that "something new" in fashions the world has been waiting for these many months! We have worn the styles with straight, medieval lines so long and so steadily, that we must admit they are becoming just a trifle monotonous.

Now the designers have given us a new silhouette, la jupe tonneau, or the barrel skirt. This is merely to vary the monotony of the straight silhouette, not to take its place—oh, no, we have been too comfortable in the simple, straight-line frocks, and have looked too slim and youthful in them, even to think of giving them up so readily.

The new silhouette has hardly been tried here long enough, as yet, to know whether it will be a success or not. And, as to how it will be received in America, that, of course, still remains to be seen. Perhaps you will modify it to suit your needs. Not so long ago, you may recall, the jupe tonneau was launched here, but it had not half the success in America, then, that it had in France.

Usually, when a new style comes in, there are both extreme and modified versions of it, and the barrel skirt is no exception. The new skirt is generally rounded above the knees and gradually narrows down to the ankles. No hoops are used to gain this effect. It is produced, simply, by the cut of the material. In some models, the distended effect is obtained by rows of stitching, going around the widest part, like the stave of a barrel. This, in itself, tends to make the material stand out, but, in addition, the stitching is sometimes placed on a foundation of soft canvas.

In the sketch I am sending you, the central figure shows a very chic example of the new silhouette. It is not ex-

treme, by any means, and the wonderful combination of the straight and curved lines shows that, with the French designers, nothing is impossible. This model introduces the new silhouette at its best.

The figure at the right illustrates a new model which has not departed from the slender lines. The simple bodice is cut kimono fashion and is

attached to a straight satin skirt. A soft girdle wound twice around the figure, according to the prevailing mode, indicates the waist-line. The kimono styles, you see, are being worn again and are ever so simple and attractive.

The costumes illustrated I first saw in the Bois. The little girl with her doll and cart in tow, wears a chic little frock of checked and plain silk with large, bulging pockets.

Now that your mind is at peace about the fashionable silhouettes, you want to hear about the new colors, of course. Paris has decided that if preference be given to any color this spring, that color must be green. A beautiful, soft green is used by most of the

leading houses. Pekin blue is also a prominent color, since things Chinese have so much weight with the fashions. Another smart color is tan, which includes a variety of shades, ranging from the light sand and beige to the darker tones.

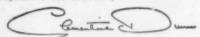
Jersey cloth we have with us yet. The Parisienne without a dress or suit of Jersey cloth this spring is not à la mode, and the same is true of fashionable Americans, is it not? Costumes of Jersey cloth are mainly of the sports type. The colors are bright and the contrasts quite striking, but, oh, so lovely!

There are checks in all the materials for spring, whether in silks or wools. You surely must have one of these new spring checks to be within the pale of French fashions.

As to your skirts for spring, you ought to have them a little longer and a trifle narrower than you have been wearing them. The new skirts are from two to two and a quarter yards at the hem; just about a comfortable width for walking.

Toujours votre dévouée.

PARIS, FRANCE.





THE TWO FASHIONABLE SILHOUETTES. FOR DESIGNS SEE PAGES 31, 44 AND 45

SPRING COMES IN WITH MANY NOVELTIES



STYLES INSPIRED BY PARISIAN MODELS



For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 40

FOR FAIR AFTERNOONS IN APRIL



For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 34

INDOOR AND OUTDOOR COSTUMES



For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 34

DESCRIPTIONS OF PATTERNS

Descriptions for page 32

NO. 7595, LADIES' DRESS, three-piece straight skirt, 42-or 38-inch length. Front of waist and front panel in one piece. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).

—Size 36 requires, 38-inch length, 31/8 yards 40-inch striped, 2 yards 40-inch plain taffeta, and 1 yard 36 inch material for sleeves, yoke and vest. Width, 21/2 yards.

No. 7308, Ladies' Waist. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (15 cents).—Size 36 requires 21/8 yards 40-inch voile. Transfer Design No. 806 for embroidered dots (15 cents).

No. 7697, Ladies' Dress, 42- or 39-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, 39-inch length, 1½ yards 36-inch plain, and 3¾ yards 36-inch dotted material. Width, 25% yards. Motifs applied on waist.

No. 7633, Ladies' One-Piece Box-Pleated Dress, round or instep length. Pattern in 7 sizes; 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, 4 yards 45-inch material, and 36 yard 27-inch for collar. Width, 234 yards.

Descriptions for page 33

No. 7601, LADIES' DRESS; semi-fitted; straight pleated skirt in round or instep length. Pattern in 7 sizes; 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, round length, 61/4 yards 36-inch figured silk. Width, 33/4 yards.

No. 7699, LADIES' COAT, body and sleeve in one or set in sleeve; 47- or 45-inch length. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Medium size requires, 47inch length, 45% yards 54-inch ma-

No. 7673, Ladies' Blouse; body and sleeve in one or sleeve set in at dropped shoulder. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).— Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch figured voile.

COSTUME Nos. 7701-7689, medium size requires, 38-inch skirt, 3¾ yards 50-inch serge, 1¾ yards 50-inch wool jersey and 5/8 yard 27-inch satin for collar.

No. 7701, Ladies' Coat, 31- or 28½-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 1½ yards 50-inch serge, 1¾ yards 50-inch wool jersey for back, sides and sleeves, and ¾ yard 27-inch satin.

No. 7689, LADIES' Two-PIECE SKIRT. Pattern in 6 sizes; 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, 38-inch length, 234 yards 50-inch material. Width, 234 yards.

Descriptions for page 35

COSTUME Nos. 7675-7680-5360, medium size requires, 4½ yards 40-inch figured satin, 1½ yards 40-inch chiffon and ½ yard ribbon for girdle. No. 5360 described on page 65.

No. 7675, LADIES' BLOUSE, with kimono sleeve. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36, shorter length, requires 15% yards 36-inch material.

No. 7680, Ladies' Two-Piece Barrel Skirt; 39-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires 376 yards 36-inch fabric. Width, 236 yards.

No. 7691, Ladies' Dress or Overdress; foundation skirt lengthened by straight flounce in 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, 38-inch length, 27/8 yards 44-inch gabardine, 13/8 yards 36-inch satin for flounce, 13/8 yards 40-inch chiffon, 3/8 yard 3/6 inch for collar. Width of flounce, 21/4 yards. Transfer Designs No. 80/6 and No. 80/9 (15 cents each).

skirt, 4 yards plain and 41/8 yards striped 36-inch silk.

No. 7679, Ladies' Coat; 32- or 27-inch length; body and sleeve in one or set-in sleeve. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, 32-inch length, 3¾ yards 36-inch material and 1¼ yards 36-inch contrasting fabric.

No. 7671, Ladies' Four-Piece Skirt; high waistline, 42-or 38-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires, 38-inch length, 3 yards 36-inch material. Width, 25% yards.

Descriptions for page 36

No. 7667, Ladies' One-Piece Dress, round or instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, 4½ yards 50-inch jersey cloth, 1 yard 36-inch satin. Width, 3¾ yards.

No. 7636, LADIES' DRESS; round or instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, 5½ yards 44-inch serge, ½ yard 36-inch to trim. Width, 3½ yards. Transfer No. 379 (10 cents).

COSTUME Nos. 7657-7689, medium size, 38-inch skirt, requires 23% yards 36-inch plain, and 334 yards 36-inch striped voile. The striped material of the skirt is used to trim the waist, making a very effective costume.

> No. 7657, LADIES' WAIST. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 23% yards 36-inch and 1 yard 27-inch fabric.

> No. 7689, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires, 38-inch length, 3% yards 36-inch material. Width, 2¾ yards.

No. 7673, LADIES' BLOUSE, body and sleeve in one or dropped shoulder. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 15% yards 40-inch figured and ½ yard 36-inch plain chiffon.

No. 7663, LADIES' TWO- OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT, 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 7 sizes; 22 to

7671 34 waist (15 cents).—Size 26 requires, 38-inch length, 23/8 yards 54-inch material. Width, 21/4 yards.

No. 7623, LADIES' WAIST. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 17/6 yards 36-inch striped linen and 5/6 yard 36-inch plain linen.

Descriptions for page 37

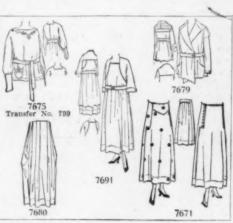
No. 7665, Ladies' Five-Gored Skirt. Pattern in 8 sizes; 22 to 36 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires 38-inch length, 3¾ yards 36-inch gabardine. Width, 25% yards.

No. 7640, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS. sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 6¼ yards 36-inch figured satin, ¾ yard same width plain satin and ½ yard 40-inch Georgette. Width, 25% yards.

No. 7648, Ladies' Box-Pleated Dress, straight lower edge. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (40 cents).—Size 36 requires, round length, 4 yards 54-inch material, and 36 yard 40-inch for collar. Width, 3 yards.

No. 7669, Ladies' Sports Blouse. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch material and 1 yard 36-inch contrasting fabric.

No. 7607, LADIES' Two-PIECE SKIRT. Pattern in 7 sizes; 22 to 34 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires, 38-inch length, 234 yards 44-inch material. Width, 234 yards.





Transfer 809, worked in beads and silk

For other .

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE SPRING WARDROBE



FASHION PROVES HER BELIEF IN VARIETY



USE A CONTRASTING TOUCH IN TRIMMING



OSTUME Nos. 7407-7541, medium size requires, 38-inch length, 53% yards 40-inch material, and ½ yard 18-inch for collar. Transfer No. 806 (15 cents).

No. 7407, LADIES' JUMPER WAIST. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (15 cents).—Size 36 requires 21/8 yards 40-inch material, and 1/2 yard 18-inch for the collar.

No. 7541, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT, with side pocket sections; 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist (15 cents).

—Size 26 requires, 42-inch length, 33% yards 44-inch material. The width at the lower edge of skirt is 33% yards. A smart feature of this skirt is the unusual treatment of the pocket. Embroidered dots trim the pocket bands as shown in the large illustration.



No. 7511, Ladies' One-Piece Pleated Dress, round or instep length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (15 cents).
—Size 36 requires, instep length, 5½ yards 50-inch material, ¾ yard 36-inch for collar and cuffs and ¾ yard 36-inch striped silk for trimming on collar and cuffs. The width at lower edge is 4¾ yards. The trimming on collar and cuffs is cut from striped silk and applied.

No. 7491, Ladies' Dress, onepiece circular skirt, round or instep length. Pattern in 4 sizes; 34 to 40 bust (15 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, 5 yards 40-inch material, ½ yard 36-inch material for collar and pockets and 5 yards braid. Width at lower edge, 3¼ yards. The skirt may be pleated or gathered. A simple design for the dainty figured silks and cottons for spring.

EASTER COSTUMES OF SILK AND SERGE



OSTUME Nos. 7481-7499, medium size requires, instep length, 7½ yards 36-inch plain and 4¾ yards 36-inch figured silk. This costume consists of a dress and a coat. The dress is trimmed with collar and cuffs and a band of material like the coat, and the coat is trimmed with a collar and facings of the figured material of the dress. This makes a very smart Easter costume.

No. 7481, Ladies' Coat, in 48½-or 38½-inch length. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 32 to 34; medium, 36 to 38; large, 40 to 42 bust (15 cents). — Medium size requires, 48½-inch length, 4½ yards 50-inch, or 5½ yards 36-inch material and 1½ yards 36-inch figured silk. Smart and practical is this coat, whether made of serge, gabardine, silk poplin, shantung or sports silk.



No. 7499, Ladies' Jumper Dress, round or instep length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (15 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, 4¼ yards 36-inch material and 1¾ yards 36-inch contrasting for trimming. Width of skirt is 3 yards. Oyster-white tussur is used for the dress illustrated above, trimmed with plain tussur in Chinese blue. The skirt is straight and may be made without the band.

No. 7537, Ladies' Dress, round or instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (15 cents).— Size 36 requires, instep length, 35% yards 54-inch white serge. At lower edge the skirt's width is 27% yards. On this white serge dress Dutch blue and gold beads are effectively used to develop Transfer Design No. 792 (15 cents). Beading is a very fashionable trimming for spring.



NO. 7608, LADIES' DRESS; four-gored skirt, 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 8 sizes; 34 to 48 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, 38-inch length, 4½ yards 36-inch figured silk and ½ yard 27-inch plain silk. At the lower edge the skirt measures 2½ yards. Transfer Design No. 794 (15 cents) for bag. The back of the skirt may be gathered or finished in habit style.

No. 7625, Ladies' Semi-Fitted Dress, four-gored skirt, round or instep-length. Pattern in 7 sizes; 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, 4¾ yards 50-inch linen and ½ yard 40-inch organdy for collar. Skirt's width, 3¾ yards. The braiding design, Transfer Design No. 302, is effectively used on the straps in a contrasting color (10 cents). The straight lines of this model are smart but may be modified by a surplice vest.

TWO SMART FROCKS

Descriptions for page 30

No. 7661, Ladies' One-Piece Dress, round or instep length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, 6\% yards 44-inch silk poplin and \% yard 27-inch satin. Width, 3\% yards.

No. 7649, LADIES' WAIST. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, 21/2 yards 36-inch voile.

No. 7685, Ladies' Barrel Skirt, 39-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires 21/4 yards 50-inch serge. Width, 21/8 yards.

No. 7677, Ladies' Dress, straight-pleated skirt in instep or tunic length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents). Size 36 requires, instep length, 5 yards 36-inch satin and 17% yards 40-inch chiffon. The two-piece foundation of skirt is lengthened by a straight gathered flounce, round or instep length, measuring 2½ yards. Transfer for Paisley Design, No. 802 (15 cents).

COSTUME Nos. 7681-7694, medium size requires, 38-inch skirt, 5 yards 36-inch figured cotton gabardine and 13/8 yards plain cotton gabardine. Excellent for sports wear.

No. 7681, LADIES' WAIST, body and sleeve in one. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, two-piece back, 1½ yards 36-inch plain material and 1½ yards 36-inch figured material.

No. 7694, Ladies Two- or Three-Piece Skirt, 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires, 42-inch length, 436 yards 36-inch material. At the lower edge the skirt's width is 2½ yards.

Descriptions for page 31

No. 7695, LADIES' DRESS, round or instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, 3½ yards 36-inch plain pongee and 2¾ yards 36-inch figured pongee. Width, 2¼ yards.

No. 7693, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS, round or instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, 3½ yards 40-inch serge and 1½ yards 36-inch satin. Skirt's width, 2 yards. Transfer Design No. 104 (10 cents).

COSTUME Nos. 7687-7683, medium size requires, instep length, 5¼ yards 40-inch crèpe de Chine. Transfer Design No. 806 (15 cents) for embroidery.

No. 7687, Ladies' Waist. Pattern in 4 sizes; 34 to 40 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch material.

No. 7683, LADIES' LOOSE-HANGING SKIRT, round or instep length. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 34 to 36 bust or 24 to 26 waist; medium, 38 to 40 bust or 28 to 30 waist; large, 42 to 44 bust or 32 to 34 waist (20 cents).—Medium size requires, instep length, 3½ yards 36-inch material. Width, 2½ yards.

No. 7659, Ladies' Coat Suit; coat in 29-inch length; three- or four-gored skirt, 42- or 39-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, 39-inch skirt, 3¾ yards 54-inch gabardine and ¾ yard 27-inch material for collar. Skirt's width, 2¼ yards.



How To Get McCall Patterns

McCall Patterns (with detailed directions for use) can be obtained from the nearest McCall Pattern Agency in your locality or ordered by mail by stating the number and size wanted and enclosing the price to THE McCALL COMPANY

New York, N. Y., McCall Building, 236-246 West 37th St.

Chicago, Ill., 418-424 So. 5th Ave. Boston, Mass., 34-40 Chauncy Street. San Francisco, Cal., 140 Second Street.

Atlanta, Ga., 82 North Pryor Street.

Toronto, Canada, 70 Bond Street.



7625

FOR THE NEW SPRING SILKS AND COTTONS



DRESS; three-piece skirt in 42or 38-inch length. Pattern in 7 sizes; 34 to 46 bust (15 cents).—Size 36 requires, 38-inch length, 5½ yards 30-inch striped material and 1½ yards 30-inch plain material. Width of skirt, 3¼ yards. The novel trimming straps with pockets are an attractive feature of this dress. They add a great deal of style to this simple design.



No. 7047, LADIES' WAIST, with or without shoulder yoke. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (15 cents).—Size 36 requires 17% yards 40-inch Georgette and 31% yards edging. A becoming and stylish model for the popular separate waist.

No. 7671, Ladies' Four-Piece Skirt; 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires, 38-inch length, 25% yards 44-inch material. The width of the skirt at lower edge is 25% yards.

No. 7703, LADIES' DRESS; three-piece skirt in 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 7 sizes; 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, 42-inch length, 4½ yards 44-inch material. Width at lower edge, 2½ yards. Transfer Design No. 104 (10 cents) is used for the braided motif which adorns the front of the dress.

No. 7422, LADIES' PRINCESS DRESS, round or instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (15 cents).— Size 36 requires, instep length, 4½ yards 36-inch material, 1½ yards 40-inch figured material, and 5½ yard 40-inch material for collar. The width at the lower edge is 3½ yards. The development of this model shows the effective use of Paisley Georgette combined with plain silk.





FASHIONABLE LINES IN MISSES' MODES



Middy 7690

Skirt 6356

Dress 7664

DESIGNS FOR SPORTS AND AFTERNOON

OSTUME Nos. 7690-6356, size 16 requires 43% yards 44-inch material, and 13% yards 27-inch figured silk for collar, belt and cuffs.

No. 7600, Misses' and Girl's Middy; in two lengths. Pattern in 8 sizes; 6 to 20 years (10 cents).—Size 16 requires 23/4 yards 36-inch material, and 13/6 yards 27-inch contrasting for collar, belt and cuffs. This design can be made to be slipped on over the head.

No. 6356, Misses' Two- or Three-Piece Circular Skirt, in two lengths; suitable for small women. Pattern in 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years (15 cents).—Size 16 requires, two-piece skirt, 23/8 yards 36-inch material. Width, 21/2 yards.

No. 7664, Misses' Dress with Guimpe; in two lengths; suitable for small women. Pattern in 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 4½4 yards 40-inch material for dress and ½ yard 36-inch material for sleeves. Lower edge of dress, 3½8 yards. For spring afternoons this dress is charming in taffeta, silk poplin, crèpe de Chine or pongee. The collarless square neck is very new.



two-piece skirt in two lengths. Pattern in 3 sizes; 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 43% yards 40-inch striped material and 1½ yards 40-inch plain material as shown. Width of skirt, 2 yards.



SPRING CALLS FOR MANY NEW DRESSES



EVERY OTHER FROCK SHOWS EMBROIDERY

No. 7688, Misses' Jumper Dress, in two lengths; suitable for small women. Pattern in 3 sizes; 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 5 yards 45-inch material, and ½ yard 36-inch lining material for guimpe. Width of skirt, 2½ yards. This design makes a highly fashionable Easter frock in serge, Jersey cloth, taffeta or satin, braided in a contrasting color. For the braiding, Transfer Design No. 368 (10 cents) is used. The dress is made with a guimpe having kimono sleeves, and the straight side sections, below the pockets, are an interesting feature. The transfer de-

Jumper Dress 7688 Transfer Design No. 368 No. 7682, GIRL'S DRESS; one-piece straight skirt. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 14 requires 434 yards 36-inch material. For your young daughter who insists on having the latest styles and the latest trimmings, here is the frock that will please her. It is developed in taffeta and embroidered in silk, Transfer Design No. 385 (10 cents) being used. Two styles of sleeve are offered.





O. 7626, Girl's Middle Dress, straight pleated skirt.
Pattern in 5 sizes; 6 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 8 requires, 4½ yards 36-inch linen. The cross-stitch embroidery which trims the dress is furnished from Transfer Design No. 808 (10 cents). Dutch blue cross-stitch on white linen is an excellent combination.

Dress 7668

Middy Dress 7626

No. 7668, Girl's Dress, straight, or double flounced skirt. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 14 requires 4½ yards 40-inch swiss, 7¾ yards embroidery banding, and 2 yards edging for collar and neck. Attractive for development in swiss or organdy is this girlish bolero dress. The sleeves may be attached to dress or bolero.

No. 7670, CHILD'S DRESS. Pattern in 4 sizes; 6 months to 4 years (10 cents).—Size 2 requires ½ yard 36-inch material for yoke and sleeves, 15% yards 20-inch flouncing, 13% yards narrow embroidery. Having yoke and sleeves in one and a skirt with a straight lower edge, this frock requires little material and is easy to make.

No. 7662, Girl's Jumper Dress. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 10 requires 3½ yards 36-inch gingham and ½ yards 36-inch lawn for guimpe. The sleeves of this dress are attached to the guimpe and the skirt has side gores. Linen, poplin and piqué are suitable materials for developing this frock.

No. 7656, Girl's Coat. Pattern in 7 sizes; 2 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 10 requires 2½ yards 44-inch material for coat, 1 yard 36-inch material for collar and pocket facing and 2½ yards of 36-inch lining. A simple and smart model for the girl's spring coat of checked serge or coating.













No. 7534, GIRL'S BOX-PLEATED DRESS. Pattern in 5 sizes; 6 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 8 requires 4 yards 27-inch checked material and 1¼ yards 27-inch plain material for collar and belt. Checked and plain gingham are used to develop this practical frock for the little girl to wear when she gathers spring flowers.

when she gathers spring flowers.

No. 7672, LITTLE BOY'S DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. Pattern in 4 sizes; 6 months to 3 years (15 cents).—Size 2 requires 3½ yards 36-inch linen. The boyish little anchors embroidered in cross-stitch in the corners of the collar are from Transfer Design No. 808 (10 cents). This dress opens on the side.

No. 7692, Boy's Suit. Pattern in 4 sizes; 2 to 8 years (15 cents).—Size 8 requires 23/2 yards 36-inch striped galatea, and 3/2 yard 36-inch plain material for collar. With a smart tub suit and a jaunty straw hat this young man is ready for spring or summer weather.

7666, GIRL'S DRESS. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 12 requires 25% yards 40-inch figured material, 7% yard 40-inch plain material for the ruffles and 10½ yards lace edging. A cunning Empire model is here shown in figured and plain organdy, daintily trimmed with ruffles and filet lace edging. Two styles of sleeve are given with this pattern. The design is also attractive without the ruffles, in which case flouncing or bordered material may be used for the skirt.

No. 7386, GIRL'S COAT SUIT. Pattern in 4 sizes; 8 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 10 requires 3½ yards 44-inch material, and 3½ yard 36-inch material for the collar and front terial, and 34 yard 30-inch material for the collar and front facing. To enhance one's dignity comes this little suit for the young girl. The three-piece skirt has patch pockets. This suit may be made of serge, poplin, homespun, linen or cotton gabardine. The large collar is especially smart and is so designed that it may be closed comfortably to the throat if desired. It is cut in two sections.













WORKERS THE WORLD



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is the favorite food of men and women whose employment calls for long continued mental concentration with little physical exercise. It is more easily digested and is a better-balanced ration than meat or starchy vegetables. It supplies the maximum of nutriment with the least tax upon the eliminating organs. For breakfast or lunch eat one or two Biscuits with hot milk and a little cream. Delicious with baked apples, sliced bananas or other fruits.

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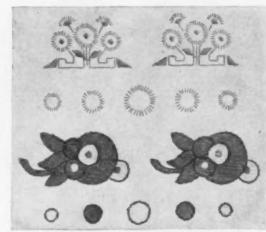
The Shredded Wheat Company Niagara Falls, N. Y.

SPRING NEEDLEWORK DESIGNS

By HELEN THOMAS

806-Design for Motifs and Graduated Dots.-Pretty on dresses, blouses, pockets, belts, and hats. Effective worked in rich contrasting colors. There are 4 flower motifs about 434 inches long; 4 fruit motifs about 6 inches long; 4 rows of flower dots (center dot 134 inches in diameter); and 4 rows of plain dots (center dot 11/4 inches in diameter). Transfer Design, in yellow or blue, 15 cents.

808-Cross-Stitch Design for Motifs and Banding. In



of corn is worked in the outline-; the edges in buttonhole-, and the rest in cross-stitch. Transfer design, 10 cents.

805-Design for Pollyanna Pillow (illustrated on page 49). The design, measuring 17 by 14 inches, is worked on a pillow 22 inches long. The gladiole stalks are worked solid with heavy cotton or silk in two shades of rich salmon-pink and dark green. The letters are done in brown or black. Full directions with pattern. Price, 15 cents.

807—Design for 53-inch Centerpiece or Lunch Cloth. This beautiful center-piece is unusually effective worked with [Concluded on page 49]

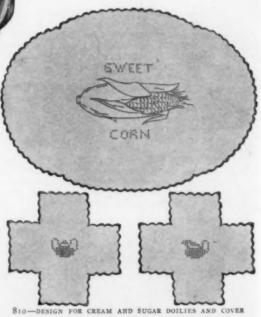


808—DESIGN FOR CROSS-STITCH
MCCALL PATTERN 5650—CHILD'S ROMPER

very fine crosses suitable for children's clothes, underwear, etc. Pattern gives 32 different motifs. Price, 10 cents.

McCall Pattern No. 5650-Child's Romper. Sizes 6 months, and I, 2, and 3 years. Price, 10 cents.

810-Design for Cream and Sugar Doilies and Cover for The little doilies are used for covering the sugar dish and cream jug while standing on the table. Cover dimensions are 16¾ by 12 inches. Doilies measure 71/2 by 71/2 inches. The design may be worked in all white or in colors to match the china. The ear



FOR CORN

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SPRING NEEDLEWORK DESIGNS

[Continued from page 48]



805-DESIGN FOR POLLYANNA PILLOW

medium-weight, mercerized cotton, in eyelet-, satin-, and outline-stitch and buttonhole-embroidery. The leaves and

scallops are first padded. Full directions are provided with the pattern. Transfer design, 15 cents.

775-Design for Japanese Initials. These may be worked on household and fancy articles. Pattern gives 32 transfers of one letter in different sizes up to 4 inches high. Transfer design, 10 cents.

809-Design for One- or Two-Piece Bag. Worked in the satinand outline-embroidery and beads. Directions provided with pattern. Transfer design, 15 cents.

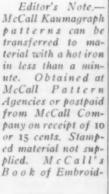


775-DESIGN FOR JAPANESE INITIALS



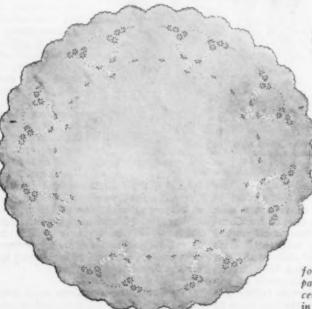


for any 15-cent transfer pattern. Price in U.S., 15 cents; by mail, 25 cents; in Canada, 20 cents; by mail, 30 cents.









807-DESIGN FOR 53-INCH CENTERPIECE OR LUNCH CLOTH



Shapes the Day

The day is often made "sunny" or "gray" by the morning cup.

Some people choose cof-fee, and find there fre-quently follows some physcal annoyance that casts a shadow over the day. Others use INSTANT POSTUM and find the day's brightness remains undimmed by physical discomfort. There's a good reason.

INSTANT Postum

is free from drugs and other harmful ingredients, and being made from cereals, contains only true nourishment. It is convenient and economical, has delight-ful flavor and always promotes health.

"There's a Reason"



E ASTER MORNING! The promising rattle of kitchen things—then the tantalizing aroma of ham a-frying.

Supreme Ham—the gods could ask no more! Dress double-quick, and down to breakfast. There it splutters on the platter—thick, juicy slices—with Supreme Eggs all white and gold.

Easter morning means ham and eggs or bacon and eggs. And



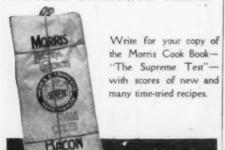
They pass the Morris Supreme
Test—a real quality standard. Dealers
who care most to serve you best sell
Morris Tested Foods.

I shows a pretty and to-date arrayment for a or lace veil.

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THE EASTER BRIDE'S DRESS

LESSON 74-THE HOME DRESSMAKER

By MARGARET WHITNEY

THE month of April and the Easter season are always noted for their brides, and when Easter falls in April, as it does this year, we may expect more than the usual number of April weddings.

In these days of simplicity in fashions, not even the wedding gown—that most important of gowns—escapes from the general rule of simple lines.

The traditional white satin is usually

the choice of the bride for her gown of gowns, but by no means is she limited to satin, nowadays. Soft charmeuse is a lovely substitute for it. while chiffon taffeta, crèpe de Chine, silk faille, and Georgette crèpe are among the other materials which are now used.

The bride's veil may be of soft tulle, caught over the head with little sprays of orange blossoms, and it should be long enough to fall below the skirt, forming a train at the back. Fig. I shows a very pretty and upto-date arrangement for a tulle or lace veil.



Dress No. 7697 will make a very charming bridal gown as illustrated in Fig. 1. It is developed in white satin with the flounce on the skirt of fine Chantilly lace. An embroidered motif worked with white silk floss and pearl beads trims the waist, and the ends of the soft ribbon girdle are finished with fringes of the pearl beads. This touch of embroidery is a very up-to-date feature, for there are very few dresses that show no embroidery these days.

As for the construction of the dress, nothing could be simpler. First of all, the waist is made in kimono style; no sleeves to set in and only the underarm seams to be sewed up. The skirt and its foundation are each cut in one piece and the gathered flounce is perfectly straight.

The soft puffed effect of the skirt is very new and very graceful. It is called the harem style, having been inspired by styles of the women of Turkish harems.

> THE PATTERN. Purchase your pattern according to your bust measure. The pattern, No. 7697. is cut in 5 sizes, from 34- to 42inch - bust measure. Price, 20 cents. If your waist and hip measurements do not conform to those of the pattern, it will be a very simple matter to regulate the gathers to suit your figure. In this style of dress, the alterations are particularly easy to make. Draw in the gathers at the waist or let them out according to the requirements of your figure.

The pattern consists of six pieces only; of these you need only four pieces to make the dress as shown in Fig. 1. The four pieces required are the waist and sleeves, which are in one,

the skirt, the foundation, and the belt. There is no pattern given for the flounce, as it is just a straight piece 10¾ inches wide.

For size 36-bust, with 39-inch skirt, 41/8 yards of 40-inch satin will be required, 21/4 yards of 103/4-inch lace flouncing, and 13/4 yards of 36-inch lining silk for the foundation skirt.

To Cut Out.—The three main pieces of the dress, the waist, skirt, and founda-[Concluded on page 51] NE

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THE EASTER BRIDE'S DRESS

[Continued from page 50]

-TRANSFER DESIGN NO.

WORKED IN SILK FLOSS AND BEADS

1. - DETAIL

CHAIN STITCH

OF

FIG.

edge of the straight skirt is cut off at the double small circles and the upper edge is cut off 36 of an inch above the line of crosses and circles as the heading will not be required.

The foundation skirt lengthened by the straight flounce gives a 39-inch length. If this is too long or too short, shorten or lengthen the foundation accordingly and take away or add the same amount

to the puffed skirt. THE WAIST .- The em-

broidery should be stamped . on the waist and worked before the seams are sewed up. Details and directions for this are given in another paragraph. Turn under the

lap and should be faced underneath.

The seams of the waist are best finished by French seams. This is done by placing the edges evenly together and stitching on the right side close to the edge. Trim the edges; turn on the wrong

raw edges entirely. In this way, the raw edges remain on the inside.

Face the neck edge of the waist with a bias strip of the satin deep enough to insert a cord. Draw up the material on the cord and adjust the gathers becomingly; then cut off the cord ends and tack them securely underneath.

FINISH OF PUFFED SKIRT STRUCTION ON INSIDE

THE SKIRT.-A very simple way of putting the skirt to- or three beads are placed at even distances gether is shown in Fig. 4. Sew up the apart. Arrange the beads in the motif acseams of the skirt, foundation and flounce cording to illustration Fig. 2. The position separately, leaving a placket opening at of these is not marked on the pattern. upper part. French seam the lace and have the seams of the skirt and foundaeach other on the inside when the skirt is completed, so no raw seams will show.

and the lower edge of the skirt evenly. addressed envelope for her reply.

tion are cut on a lengthwise fold of the First, baste the flounce to the foundation material. The edges of these pieces hav- with edges even. Hold the foundation skirt ing the three crosses are to be laid on the with lower edge away from you and upper fold. For the puffed effect the lower edge toward you. Lay the lace on it with

right side up and wrong side facing right side of lining. Baste these together, then apply the lower edge of gathered skirt next. Hold the material in the same position, having all three edges together with right sides of skirt and lace facing. After these have been basted care-

fully together, stitch all around on the machine; then turn the skirt and foundation up with the raw edges between the two on the inside, leaving the lace hanging free below. Gather the upper edges of skirt and foundation together and attach to the lower edge of the waist.

In Fig. 4 the seam of the puffed skirt is opened in order to show the construction,

right back edge of the waist at the line but in making the skirt the seam will, of marked by large circles and hem invisibly course, be closed. The foundation and the by hand. The left side forms the under-skirt should be finished with separate plackets.

THE EMBROIDERY.—The embroidery used on this dress is a motif taken from Transfer Design No. 104, the price of which is 10 cents. It is outlined in chainside, creasing exactly at the seam, and stitch, the very simplest of embroidery stitch again sufficiently deep to cover the stitches. Fig. 3 shows the method of

working the chainstitch, and Fig. 2 shows the completed motif. Pearl beads are worked in with this design in groups of twos and threes. No pattern is required for the embroidery on the sleeves. Two straight rows of chain-stitching are worked around the edge of the sleeves, about 34 of an inch apart and, in the center, groups of two

Editor's Note .- Write to Mrs. Whittion pressed open. These seams will face ney concerning any difficulty you may have in selecting designs or materials for your wardrobe, and she will be glad to assist Distribute the gathers of the flounce you if you will enclose a stamped, self-



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THE NEW EMBROIDERY

By GENEVIEVE STERLING

This popular 10613-Corset Cover. one-piece undergarment is to be worked 10617 (illustrated on page 53). Designs in eyelet-, solid-, and buttonhole-embroid- stamped on 15- by 15-inch imitation linen, Design stamped on good quality nain- 10 cents each. Designs stamped on 15- by

sook, including cotton to work, 35 cents; sufficient lace for edges, extra, 20 cents; perforated pattern, including stamping materials, 10 cents. Stamped material, floss, and lace free for two 50-cent subscriptions.

10614-Sewing Apron. To be worked in

stamped on linen-finished lawn, including a sufficient amount of cotton to work, 35 cents. Design stamped on fine white linen, including cotton to work, 50 cents. Lace for pocket and edges, 20 cents

to cents. Perforated pattern, including stamping materials, 10 cents.

10617-China Closet Scarf (illustrated on page 53). Design stamped on 22by 36-inch imitation linen, 30 cents; design stamped on 22- by 36inch pure white linen, 60 cents; design stamped on 22- by 45inch imitation linen, 40 cents; design stamped

forated pattern, 21 by 43 inches, 20 cents.

10617A-Doilies to Match Scarf No.

15-inch imitation linen, 50 cents per half dozen; designs stamped on 15- by 15inch pure white linen, 20 cents each: designs stamped on 15by 15 - inch pure white linen. \$1.05 per half dozen (free for four 50cent subscriptions). Embroidery cotton to one doily,

10613-CORSET COVER

solid-embroidery and seed-stitch. Design 10 cents. One dozen skeins of embroidery cotton, extra, 25 cents. Perforated patterns, including stamping materials, 10 cents each.

10616-Towel. (Illustrated on page extra. Embroidery silk to work, extra, 53.) To be worked in eyelet-, solid-, and

buttonholeembroidery. Guest - size, stamped on 16- by 27inch huckaback, including cotton to work, may be had for 25 cents. Full size, stamped on 18- by 36-inch had for cents.



three 50-cent subscriptions). Perforated stamped on 24- by 40-inch pure linen huck, pattern, 21 by 34 inches, 10 cents; per- including cotton to work, may be had for

[Concluded on page 53]



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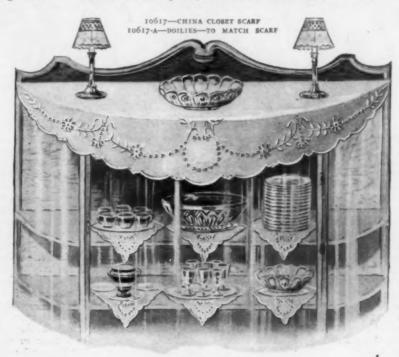
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THE NEW EMBROIDERY

Perforated pattern, including stamping scheme or the carriage robe. Only white materials, 10 cents.

design is to be worked in the eyelet-, terials, with directions, 10 cents.

\$1 (free for four 50-cent subscriptions). lavender-to match the nursery colorcotton, however, is furnished with the stamped material here specified. Per-10615-Baby Pillow. This attractive forated pattern, including stamping ma-



solid-, buttonhole-, seed-, and outlinestitch and French knots. ing cotton, may be had for 30 cents, own inability in producing a satisfactory

Editor's Note .- Owing to the impos-The design sibility of importing foreign dyes into this stamped on good quality nainsook, includ- country on account of the war and our The design stamped on fine white linen, substitute, we cannot guarantee fast col-



including cotton to work, may be had for 50 cents (free for two 50-cent subscriptions). Embroidery silk to work, extra, is 25 cents. This pillow, which may be used for either bassinet or baby carriage, is equally dainty embroidered in all-white, or in dainty colors-pink, blue, yellow, McCall agencies.



10615-BABY PILLOW

ors in embroidery silks or cottons. Perforated pattern of any article illustrated on page 52, and on this page, may be had for 10 cents, postage prepaid. Send check, money order, or stamps by mail to McCall Company, 236-246 West 37th Street, New York City. Patterns not carried by



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This question is easily answered by the housewife whose pantry shelves are stocked with leaders Package Foods.

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THE NEGLECTED CHAPERON

WHAT PRISCILLA LEARNED AT BOARDING-SCHOOL

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE



PRISCILLA read and reread Tom Bradley's letter. Of course, she would go to the theater with him, but—would he submit to the Standish School rules? Her mother would have permitted them to go to the theater together alone. She would have laughed at the idea of a chaperon and, no doubt, have considered it a citified affectation, but Priscilla knew that the rule about chaperons at the Standish school was very severe. Perhaps, if she explained to Miss Standish that Tom was so well thought of by her own mother, she would make this one exception.

But Miss Standish made no exceptions. Even when Priscilla showed her Tom's letter, she was unmoved. She only smiled and laid a conciliatory hand on Priscilla's

"To insist on our having a chaperon," said Priscilla as her final plea, "seems as if you thought Tom would say or do something silly; and he would no more say anything silly to me than my own brother would."

"It might be quite correct for you to go to an evening entertainment at home unchaperoned," explained Miss Standish, "but in a large city, where you would be among strangers, it is different. Miss Osborn," she added, turning to the instructor in "Social Dramatics," who had just entered the principal's office, "here is a case for you. Our little country mouse doesn't quite understand why chaperons are necessary. Suppose you talk the matter over with her at tea. I am sure you can make her understand."

A few minutes later, Priscilla and Miss Osborn were comfortably seated in a secluded corner of the drawing-room, while the two pupils in charge of the tea-table served them, and then left them to chat undisturbed.

"When I was your age, I should have felt exactly as you do," began Miss Osborn, "so I don't misunderstand you. I think all normal, sensible girls look upon the whole chaperon system as a very foolish arrangement, and the fact that they do shows that they are still blissfully ignorant of the truth that all persons are not so self-reliant or so sensible as they. Remember that all rules of etiquette are matters of convenience—rules to make social intercourse run along with the least friction. That is exactly what chaperons do—eliminate possible friction or unpleasantness that might occur were they not present."

"But Tom and I have known each other so long," pleaded Priscilla.

BUT the world is not made up of Toms and Priscillas, and there are things that might occur that would leave even Priscilla in need of the companionship of an older woman. In the theater or at the opera, your escort might have to leave you to check his coat, or to arrange about tickets, programs, or possibly a carriage. Surrounded by strangers, as you would be in a large city, you might not relish this situation. Then remember, in this world there are always prying eyes—persons who are sure to notice and mentally censure the young woman who appears alone with a young man in the evening.

"In the country, it is different," Miss Osborn went on to explain, "for there you would be surrounded by friends and acquaintances wherever you went, and they would know just what sort of sensible young persons Priscilla and Tom really are. But, even in the country, a young woman should not often go alone to public entertainments with a young man, unless she is chaperoned by her mother or some other older woman, or unless she is with a group of young persons; and she should never dine publicly with a young man unchaperoned.

"Of course, the whole question of chaperons and escorts varies a great deal in different groups of society. For instance, what would be perfectly correct for the daughter of a man in moderate circumstances, in a small town, would not be correct for the daughter of a New York

[Concluded on page 55]

9

To a set a s

THE NEGLECTED CHAPERON

[Continued from page 54]

millionaire, who lived in a much more complex social environment; and what would be considered in perfectly good form for a young girl who belonged to what one calls 'the smart set' would not be considered correct for the girl in a smaller town."

As Priscilla showed by her puzzled expression that she did not understand how this could be possible, Miss Osborn explained: "In certain extremely wealthy sets, it would be considered bad form for a young woman ever to attend the theater, the opera, or a dinner party when the expenses of the entertainment were paid for by a young man, unless he were giving a formal entertainment for a number of persons."

Priscilla didn't seem to be following her teacher's logic here, for, suddenly, she asked, entirely inapropos of the money phase of the question, "Is it proper for a girl to take a walk with a young man or to go to church with him unchaperoned?" It sounded like a last effort to gain a loophole toward freedom; but Miss Osborn shook her head emphatically.

"The sensible young woman," she replied, "never seeks an opportunity to be alone with her men friends. Should a country walk be suggested, she should insist that another young man and woman, or a mutual friend, be invited to share the ramble. The same is true when a man calls on a young woman; he should be ushered into the family drawing-room or sitting-room, not into a private receptionroom or parlor. There he should be drawn into the general conversation or amusement. If he wishes to talk especially with the young woman, he may find opportunity for a tête-à-tête with her, without leaving the family circle.

"As for church, a young woman should never go to church alone with a young man. She should give the hours of service to her devotions and should find other occasions for cultivating the acquaintance of her men friends. Service over, she should go directly home, or wherever she has her next engagement. Young women sometimes linger at the church doors waiting for men friends to accompany them home, but this is in extremely bad taste. Of course," she continued, "this does not mean that the church organization should not be a means for bringing young people together, but this should be accomplished at entertainments and club meetings and not at service time."

"But going back to chaperons," Priscilla continued, "can any older woman act as a chaperon?"

Miss Osborn paused thoughtfully for a moment. "The opinion prevails that only married women are suitable chaperons, but, as a matter of fact, any woman

millionaire, who lived in a much more who is of dignified appearance and no complex social environment; and what longer in her youth may act as chaperon would be considered in perfectly good if she wishes.

"When special chaperons are asked, however, they should be sure to enter into the evening's diversion, and not sit vigilantly apart. In fact, it is considered rather provincial nowadays for the younger set to be entirely distinct from the young married and older persons. In smart society, persons of all ages mingle at balls, receptions, and other entertainments, and this is a good plan to adopt in smaller communities. In this way, specially appointed chaperons are not needed as there are always enough married women to act in this capacity."

Priscilla was apparently becoming more convinced, but before conceding, she attempted a last stand. "It seems to me," she said, "that when a girl insists on a chaperon, it is rather unfair for the escort to have to pay for the chaperon's ticket as well as for the other two, especially when he would rather not have her along."

Miss Osborn smiled. "Perhaps," she said, "it is rather too bad that your Tom will have to pay for a ticket for one of us teachers to go to the theater, too, but if a young man really enjoys the society of a young woman, he does not consider this, and if he is the right sort of young man, these very little obstacles, such as chaperons, only make him more interested in the young woman whose family has so shielded her."

"I think I understand now," said Priscilla, as Miss Osborn rose to leave the drawing-room, "and I am really glad that Miss Standish is so particular. Do you think," she added, with just a shade of embarrassment, "that after all the horrid things I have thought about chaperons, you would consent to go with us? I know that Tom wouldn't be at all tongue-tied then, and I think that you would be an ideal chaperon."

Of course, Miss Osborn consented, and the next day, knowing that if Priscilla were in need of such information, the other girls undoubtedly were also, she talked to the class in "Social Dramatics" about chaperons, giving them in addition a résumé of the kind of courtesy they ought to expect from the men who acted as their escorts.

Editor's Note.—If you care to have this special information, as to the kind of courtesy a girl should expect from a man, which Miss Osborn gave her class, Mrs. Duffee will be glad to send it to you. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request. Also, don't hesitate to call upon her at any time for advice concerning the practises of good form.

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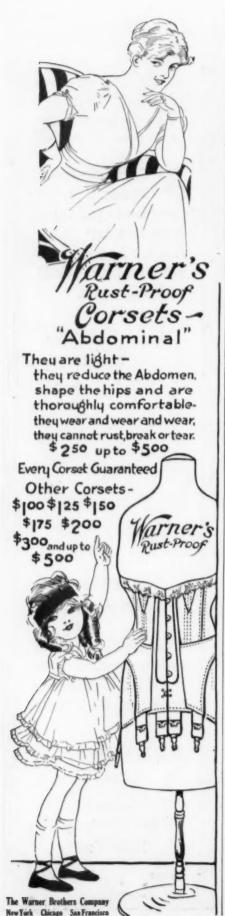
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SPRING TONICS OF THE FIELDS

By ISOBEL BRANDS

HE boys are spinning their tops in the street; the pussy-willow has unfolded her silvery fur; a neighbor is hanging out bedding upon the line, and another is beating her large dining-room rug. Spring has come. But somehow you are so tired, you don't feel like eat-

ing. You dread starting your housecleaning. If you were a little girl, grandma would say that you were fractious; but, instead, you tell yourself that you have been working too hard all winter, and you decide to buy a bottle of tonic.

As you watched your neighbors' preparation for their spring cleaning, did it not occur to you that your body, too, just like a house, might need renovating, or that like any other heating system it might need overhauling after the winter season? We can compare the body to a furnace or a stove, which, instead of using coal as fuel, uses the food we eat to make heat. This food is as actually burned as the wood we put in a fireplace or the

coal used in a range. Our lungs furnish the draft of oxygen, and the result is the liberation of heat, which not only keeps us warm, but also furnishes us with energy to do our work. As the food is burned, it leaves a certain amount of waste like the ashes and clinkers in a stove.

Now we come to the secret of that tired feeling. We have been stoking our body-stove so hard all winter that it is all clogged up with ashes and clinkers of the peculiar kind that food leaves when it is burned. You know that the more coal you heap on the range, the greater amount of ashes there will be shaken from the fire-pot the next morning. Just think how much food fuel you have been shoveling on all winter. You have eaten griddle-cakes and syrup, puddings, pastry, doughnuts, and cookies, not to mention pot-roasts, gravies, and hearty soups. The burning of all these has left their traces in the system. If you have been exceedingly active and healthy, you may have escaped the spring fever, but almost everyone has some touch of it, either in

the form of rheumatism, weariness, or poor appetite, caused by nothing else than a clogged body-stove which needs a thorough spring house-cleaning.

The very first step is to stop stoking and lessen the amount of food used daily in your body-stove. This will reduce the

heat so that you won't feel so warm and fatigued, for you can see that in warm weather any stove needs less fuel than it does in cold. Next, you must also change the kind of fuel you have been using throughout the winter, and select the foods which make less heat. Lastly, the hard-working, old body - stove must be scoured and scrubbed and

cleaned out. We know that fats, and the sugars and starches are the foods that produce the greatest amount of heat; therefore, we must avoid eating in excess foods in which they form the principal part,

such as puddings, pastry, syrups, candy, hot cakes, gravies, and any dish high in fats and sugars, or those fried in fats. We can also lessen the amount of meat or protein used, since, taken in excess, it is one of the chief reasons for the familiar spring tired feeling.



IN THE THROES OF SPRING CLEANING

AS for cleaning our body-stove, old Dame A Nature has provided just the way if we will only follow it. Did you ever wonder why radishes and asparagus grow in the spring, and turnips and sweet potatoes mature in the fall? With the greatest wisdom Nature has arranged that each season shall bring forth and each zone produce the exact food needed by the human body. She knows that after a winter of heavy eating, the body needs foods which will cleanse, refresh and stimulate it. And so she has planted in the fields and in the garden her special spring tonics-dandelion, cress, radishes, spinach, asparagus, and many other watery vegetables. These all have the common quality of being crisp, cool, and

[Concluded on page 109]



hat will my skin be like ten years from now?

Perhaps your skin is clear and fresh now, but what will it be ten years hence? Will it still be naturally beautiful, or will you have to use artificial means to cover up the effects of age and neglect?

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APRIL DISHES

By JANE W. GUTHRIE

N the spring and early summer a housewife's fancy turns rather anxiously to a consideration of the family appetite, with the paramount desire to provide food that will prove tempting to palates grown weary with the heavier materials that have been used during the winter.



Nothing so speedily dispels that languid feeling called spring fever, as salads and fresh vegetables, with a red-meat diet replaced by fish and fowl, supplemented of course, with eggs. However, thinking is required to vary food when one banishes, even partially, the red meats.

In the spring many people crave a very humble dish called "bacon-and-greens," which supplies in food value a need of the season. Prepare it as they do in France, and instead of being an object of scorn, it becomes a sort of sublimated bacon-andgreens, which commands respect.

To prepare it in this way, wash thoroughly a peck of spinach, and throw it into boiling water to cook for twenty minutes. Take it from the fire, drain in a colander, and chop very fine. Return it to a dry saucepan, add one-half a cupful of cream, a very little melted butter, one-half a grated nutmeg, salt, and pepper, and beat very light with an egg-spoon. Reheat, and serve it in a mound garnished with thin slices of hard-boiled egg.

Broil to a delicate brown some very thin slices of ham. Do not allow your butcher to cut these thick, as butchers usually do, but have him trim them almost to the thinness of paper. Prepare a brown gravy from some good soup stock, and pour it over the broiled ham. Garnish with cresses or parsley, and serve very hot.

SPINACH prepared in this way and served either on slices of toast, or garnished with small diamonds of toast, is equally good when served with chicken which has been panned or broiled and decorated with thin, crisp curls of hot bacon, all set in a bed of cresses or parsley. If the chicken is deftly cut apart in the kitchen before serving, matters are simplified for the host.

Fish, which we crave at this season, should always be garnished with lemon, for there is something particularly fitting in the combination, the acid balancing the fat of the fish, making it more palatable.

Any left-overs of fish, even the veriest scraps, can always be used again in the form of delicious balls or croquettes.

To make these, add a cupful of mashed potatoes, hot, if possible, to a cupful of picked and minced fish. Mix the two well, adding a saltspoonful of salt, a little pepper, one-half a grated nutmeg, the rind of half a lemon grated, and a teaspoonful of grated raw onion. Into this break a raw egg, stirring and beating the whole until it is light. Form into round balls, roll them in bread-crumbs, put in a wire basket, and brown in hot fat. Lift out and drain, set in a hot oven for a moment or two, pile in pyramid form on a hot platter, in a bed of cresses, into which thin slices of lemon are tucked here and there.

WE often weary of the usual ways of preparing potatoes. It is good to vary these ways with something that appeals to the eye. If mashed potatoes are to be served, press them through a potato sieve lightly into a dish, in pyramid form, and set this in a hot oven to brown. Serve before they fall. Potatoes boiled in their jackets and served in a hot napkin often quicken the appetite, and hot, mealy potatoes are really delicious in this way, if properly boiled and not allowed to stand a moment in the water after they are done. They should have the water poured off and be allowed to stand for a few moments in a hot, covered saucepan to make them mealy. They are especially good if, after boiling them, the jackets are hastily ripped off, and they are cut in thick slices with a hot, sharp knife, browned on both sides in lard and butter mixed, and heaped on a hot platter in a bed of parsley or of

OLD potatoes are difficult to prepare in the spring, as they have already begun to sprout, but if they are cut into goodsized marbles, boiled in a wire basket, set to brown in hot fat, then heaped in a dish,



and garnished with cresses or parsley, they are especially good with either fish or fowl.

Young duckling is delicious in the spring, and an acceptable change from chicken and fish. If stuffed, a potato-and-chestnut dressing is good if one tires of the bread dressing. With the duckling, one should serve cauliflower, or young cabbage, boiled and creamed.

[Concluded on page 101]

Recipes showing how Royal Baking Powder Saves Eggs

In recipes calling for the use of eggs, fewer eggs can be used and excellent results and healthful, appetizing food obtained by using an additional quantity of Royal Baking Powder for each egg omitted, thereby reducing the cost. This applies equally well to nearly all baked foods and the following recipes are given as practical examples:

A new and economical way to make a fine Sponge Cake



SPONGE CAKE

- cup sugar cup water gegs
- cup sugar
 cup water
 eggs
 teaspoons Royal
 Baking Powder

 cup sugar
 I cup flour
 I teaspoon salt
 cup cold water
 I teaspoon flavoring
 (lemon juice or
 vanilla)

The old method called for 6 eggs

The old method called for 6 eggs

Directions:—Boil sugar and water
until it spins a thread. Add to the
stiffly beaten whites of eggs, and beat
until the mixture is cold. Sift together
three times, the flour, salt and baking
powder, and add this alternately to the
white mixture with the yolks of the eggs
beaten stiff. Add ½ cup cold water and
flavoring. Mix lightly and bake in
moderate oven about one hour.

Eggs are not necessary to make these excellent muffins



EGGLESS MUFFINS

- 2 cups flour 1 cup milk teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
 - 2 tablespoons sugar 1 teaspoon salt 2 tablespoons shortening

Makes 18 muffins.

The old method called for 2 eggs
Directions:—Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add milk, stirring until all lumps are out. Beat well and bake in greased muffin tins in hot oven from 20 to 25 minutes.

Just as good as mother used to make



DOUGHNUTS

- 3 tablespoons
- t teaspoon nutmer teaspoons Roy Baking Powder teaspoon salt 3½ cups flour teaspoons Royal shortening cup sugar egg cup milk

Makes 50 doughnuts. The old method called for 3 eggs

The old method called for 3 eggs
DIRECTIONS:—Cream the butter, add sugar, then the beaten egg; add the milk alternately with one cup of flour sifted with baking powder, nutmeg and salt. Mix thoroughly; add enough flour to roll out on a board. Roll one-half inchick; cut out and fry in hot fat. The fat should be hot enough to brown a piece of bread in 60 seconds. When cooked, drain on unglazed paper and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Made with White Layer Cake requires only 2 eggs for both



GOLD CAKE

- 3 tablespoons shortening
 - 34 cup sugar yolks of 2 eggs 3/2 cup milk
- 1½ cups flour
 3 teaspoons Royal
 Baking Powder
 s teaspoon flavoring. Makes 2 small loaf cakes, about 11 oz. each The old method called for 5 eggs

DIRECTIONS: — Cream butter; add sugar gradually; add beaten yolks of eggs and flavoring; beat well; add alternately milk and flour sifted with baking powder. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 45 minutes. Spread with white icing.

Made with Gold Cake requires only 2 eggs for both



WHITE LAYER CAKE

1/2 cup shortening 1 cup granulated sugar 2-3 cup water 2 cups flour 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder whites of 2 eggs 1 teaspoon extract

The old method called for 3 eggs

The old method called for 3 eggs
Directions:—Cream shortening and sugar together until very light; add water slowly almost drop by drop and beat constantly; stir in the flour and baking powder which have been sifted together twice; fold in the whites of eggs which have been beaten until stiff and dry, pour into two greased layer tims and bake in moderate oven so to 25 minutes. Put together with any filling or icing. or icing.

Delicious Waffles, a breakfast treat



WAFFLES

- teaspoon salt
- i tablespoon sugar
- 1 % cups flour 3 teaspoons Roy 2 tablespoons corn Baking Powder meal 2 cups milk
 - a tablespoons melted shortening

The old method called for 3 eggs

DIRECTIONS:—Sift flour, sugar, salt and baking powder together into bowl, add milk and melted shortening. Beat in yolk of egg and fold in well beaten white. Bake on hot griddle lightly greased.

A practical Cook Book containing several hundred other recipes for all kinds of cookery sent free on request.

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We have been in business here for twenty-two years.



DOLLARS AND DANDELIONS

By ADDIE FARRAR

speckless lawn, the humble, brightfaced, yellow dandelion is usually a thing to be utterly despised. To two women of my acquaintance, however, it is a bit of bright yellow fluffiness welcomed with joy, each spring, because it brings to them a yearly income of several thousand

dollars. The yearly crop of dandelions in the suburban village in which they live further demonstrates the possibilities of the dandelion as a money-bringer since it furnishes spending money to the lads and lassies who fill their baskets with the yellow heads, each spring, and bring them in. These heads may be turned into a rich amber fluid delicious as a drink or a sort of unfermented dandelion tonic used for medicinal purposes.

It is perhaps twelve years since Mrs. L. started to make the cordial for her own use, concocting it from a receipt of her grand-

mother's, and occasionally giving bottles of this tasty and strengthening drink to her friends and acquaintances. Soon strangers who had heard of the cordial or had tasted it, at some time, came to Mrs. L.'s little cottage, situated near a large field where the dandelions grew. They asked if they might not purchase a few bottles. Mrs. L., who was then trying to make a living working in a store, was more than glad to sell her cordial. Soon after this, she began putting it up for sale in small quantities of about eight gallons. The next year, she increased it to a barrel portion. To-day, one hundred barrels and more are made, each spring, to fill the constantly growing demand-and this from an original investment of about fifty dollars borrowed from an old friend.

When Mrs. L. first decided to make a real business of putting up dandelion tonic, she purchased a horse and second-hand buggy and began to make a house-to-house canvass, in her village, leaving samples of the cordial. When she returned, in two or three weeks, for an order, the people paid for the cordial, if they had used it and liked it; and if they did not pay, returned her what was left. In this way, her

O the housewife who delights in a business was almost strictly on credit; and yet she seldom lost a dollar. It was not long before hospitals, and old people's homes and similar institutions took many bottles of the cordial to be used as a tonic for their sick or aged. For the past two years or more, Mrs. L. has done no soliciting, so well has her cordial become

known about the country and among the inhabitants of near-by towns and cities. To-day, at the rate of one hundred barrels a year, the cordial is sold on its own merits. At forty cents a bottle, five bottles to the gallon, and forty-five gallons to each barrel. one can figure out at once the profits derived by Mrs. L. from the humble and despised yellow dandelion.

She says that she could easily make more than her present income, but prefers to keep her business limited to the confines of her own cellar, which is now being taxed to its full capacity. With the aid of her

man "Friday," who helps to keep the barrels in first-class condition, Mrs. L. and her mother have attended entirely themselves to the making of the cordial.



PICKING THE HUMBLE DANDELION

WHILE the business really grows bigger each year and the demand more insistent, Mrs. L. keeps the output down to a certain limit, only a few over the one hundred barrels being manufactured a year. When this limit is reached, it is stopped so far as the supply of raw material is concerned. In many ways, Mrs. L. feels that if the business were enlarged she would have to depend largely on paid help, which would mean more expenditure, more worry, and greater responsibility. By doing her own bottling, she is sure of keeping the standard of her cordial always up to its present purity and strength. Besides, as she and her mother argue, they are making enough to live on comfortably, and they see no need for overworking themselves by making more cordial than they can easily handle.

The picking season for the dandelion blossoms lasts only from two to three weeks in the spring. The children pickers

[Concluded on page 67]



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THE BABY WELFARE DEPARTMENT

By MARY L. READ,

Director of The School of Mothercraft and Author of "The Mothercraft Manual"

MOST of the fear that keeps clutching at the heart of so many young mothers, during the first three years of the baby's life, could be avoided if they but knew the symptoms of little disturbances and how to prevent them or treat them, when to send for the doctor, and when to leave that faithful ally undisturbed. During the first few years of the baby's life, no change from normal health and conditions is insignificant. Upsetting of digestion, colic, constipation, during the first few weeks, may spell indigestion for years. The greatest handicap of the untrained mother is her ignorance of the far-reaching effects of seemingly slight ailments. The wise young woman will have the foresight, before these problems confront her with her own children, to spend her vacations assisting some cousinly relative or friend who has a household of little children and knows how to care for them; or she will beg the privilege of assisting the trained Infant Welfare worker; or she will at least take a practical short course in home nursing.

Among nursery ailments, undoubtedly, indigestion in some form is the most common. Colic is not a necessary accompaniment of infancy although many babies suffer from it. The most common causes of colic are (1) too rapid feeding, (2) irregular feeding, (3) too frequent feeding, (4) overfeeding, (5) constipation, (6) rough handling after nursing, (7) solid food. A baby should have quiet after feeding. Hold the baby for a few minutes after a feeding in an upright position, his head resting on your shoulder, while you very gently pat his back; the air he has swallowed while nursing will come up. He may then be laid quietly in his bed, or, at a later age, be placed where he will play quietly during the succeeding half hour. If there is considerable eructation of food, the intervals between feedings should probably be lengthened at least half an hour.

THE symptoms of colic are (1) crying with intermittent, sharp cries, (2) drawing up of the feet, (3) cold feet, (4) tense and hard abdomen, and possibly (5) gas in bowels. If there is much gas or if there has not been a movement within twelve hours, it is advisable to give an enema. This should be given with water at 110 degrees Fahrenheit, either made soapy with nursery soap or having a level teaspoonful of salt to a pint of water. The nozzle should be scalded or wiped with alcohol for absolute cleanliness, and anointed with vaseline or oil. The feet

[Continued on page 63]



Protects Baby In All Weathers

-from rain, wind, sun or snow. The ample hood of waterproof Dupont Fabrikoid is but one of the many strong points of the

of the many strong points of the Collapsible Baby Carriage
The only carriage with springs adjustable to baby's growing weight. Roomy for crib use, yet it folds into small space. Washable throughout. Sanitary, strong, durable, easily handled. Styles and prices to suit every purse. Dealers everywhere. Free Book and Chart. How is jurige haby's growth and beaith.

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It's the greatest boon to both babies and mothers since the cradle was in-vented. Every little move-mentaways the swing, keep-ing baby content and happy while mother does her work.

Hangs in doorway, on porch or tree limb. Baby can't fail out. Is always off the floor, out of the dirt and out of mischief.

out of mischief.

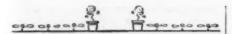
Rock-a-Bye Baby Swing is made of washable heavy duck on strong steel frame. Easily washed. Reinforced strap hangers and screw book are supplied. Order now. Price complete, post-age prepaid, only Money back if not satisfactory. Send also for free catalog of inter useful articles for woman and children.



Crochet this beautiful yoke with

THE THREAD MILLS CO., 219K W. Adams St., Chicago





MINOR AILMENTS IN BABYHOOD

[Continued from page 62]

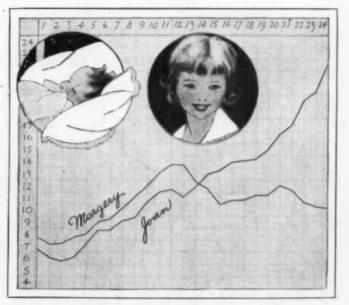
should be wrapped in a warm blanket. Warmth should be applied to the abdomen, first laying a fold of flannel or Turkish towel to protect the flesh, and over that hot flannels, either dry or wrung out of hot water with which turpentine has been mixed in the proportion of twenty drops to a pint of water. Warm cloths or covered hot-water bags should be placed around the thighs and buttocks also, but not on the back. Before applying a hot cloth, always test it first on your own face, to make sure that it is not too The hot cloths should be renewed until the pains cease. For a mild attack, it may be necessary only to lay the baby over your shoulder until the stomach gas is belched up, then lay him on your lap, or over a hot-water bottle in his crib, on his stomach, while you gently stroke his back downward. During an attack, the baby must have no food, but may be given warm water (96 degrees Fahrenheit) with a soda mint tablet dissolved in it, or a faint suggestion of peppermint or soda. No other medicine should be given except by the doctor's order.

HICCOUGH is a symptom of overfeeding. For a single attack, give warm water with a mere trace of soda or peppermint in it, or cold water. If it occurs frequently, either the intervals between feedings should be lengthened by at least half an hour, or somewhat less milk given at a feeding.

The nursing baby, with plenty of opportunity to kick and roll, is not likely to be constipated unless the mother is, and in such case she must overcome the condition in herself by a laxative diet, deep breathing, and trunk exercises. Water, prune juice (unsweetened), orange juice diluted one-half with plain water between feedings, are natural laxatives for the Ten minutes' exercise with the limbs, before the bath or during the midafternoon play, will strengthen and stimulate the trunk muscles. Let the baby lie on his back, with clothing loose and diaper removed or loosened. Grasp one foot in each hand, and slowly, alternately, bring the bent knee to the abdomen, and then straighten it out. Then bend each leg upward, with knee straight. At about six months, when the baby can easily support his head, you can begin slowly pulling him up to a sitting position, while you hold his hands, and slowly lowering him, until he is strong enough to raise and lower himself while you hold his hands.

Diarrhea is less common, except in summer and with bottle babies. If the bowels are loose, or, if evacuations are greenish, milk should be stopped and only barley-water given for one or two days.

[Continued on page 72]



A Mother made this Chart

THE HAD TWO BABIES-Margery and Joan. When Margery had to be weaned, she put her on modified milk, then on one baby food after another. Margery's weight kept going down, and she was pulled through the weaning time with fearful worry and by a narrow margin. When Joan was born this same mother had learned many things. She had read and studied about the digestion of babies and she knew what they needed.

SO WHEN JOAN HAD TO BE WEANED, she put her at once on Nestle's Food and you can see by the chart what happened to Joan's weight. For a few days it went down, as it naturally would, because of the change in food. And then it went steadily and gladly Weaning time was an easy time for Joan and for Joan's mother. And so happy is that

mother that she wants to tell you and all other mothers about it.

CAN'T YOU SEE HOW VIVID THIS CHART IS TO HER? How, week by week she watched it and marked it till it seemed that her babies' very lives were bound up in it? And they are bound up in this record. You too should watch your baby's weight in this way. To make it easier for you, we have made a chart like this (a blank chart, of course) and you can have it for your baby's story, week by week, if you will send this coupon below.

A complete milk food-not a milk modifier

HERE'S NOTHING MYSTERIOUS in Nestle's Food. It's just the nearest thing to your own milk that doctors and scientists have been able to make. If a doctor could forget all his Latin and his long technical words, here is how he would explain it:

When your baby can't have your own milk any longer, he must have milk in some Nestle's Food is pure milk from healthy cows, to which is added malt—wheaten form. Nestlé's Food is pure milk from healthy cows, to which is added malt—wheaten biscuit—and cane sugar, scientifically blended so that it gives your baby just the right proportion of fats, proteids and carbohydrates to nourish his little body. It comes to you a clean, dry powder, packed in air-tight tins. To prepare you simply add cold water and boil a minute. It is easy for you. It is absolutely safe for your baby.

And so, when you wean your baby, Joan's mother wants you to remember five things:

1.—Your baby must have milk in some form.

2.—Cow's milk alone will not do. It's too heavy, and no matter how expensive, it may carry germs.

3.—It is impossible for you, in your bome, with home appliances to modify milk exactly, or to get that milk the same each day. You should not spend your strength in doing anything that can be done for you. You should not spend your strength in doing anything that can be done for you.

4.—The Nestlé's doctors have done the modifying and the changing with exact has been able to make to mother's milk. It is reduced to a powder so that it does not sour or spoil.

McCall-4-17

McCall-4-17

does not sour or spoil.

5. —All you have to do is to add cold water and boil. A few minutes and the baby's food for the day is finished, ready to build bone and muscle and blood

Provide now for the weaning time. Send the coupon today for the free sample of Nestle's Food, enough for twelve feedings, and the Specialist's Book on the care and feeding of babies. Don't delay, your baby's health depends on the food you give him now.

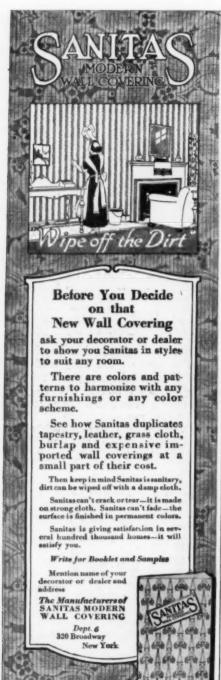
Please send me, FREE, your Book and Trial Package. Also Baby Chart.

NESTLE'S FOOD COMPANY

231 Broadway, New York 74 New Montgomery St., San Francisco

Send Coupon to the nearest office.

Address





Pillow Top



When answering ads, mention McCALL'S





TO WEAR AT HOME

[Continued from page 47]





Pretty soon the warm days will be here and you will want a cool negligee of dainty figured voile and a comfortable apron for your household duties. Such simple garments as these, and your spring

lingerie, you can very easily make in leisure hours.

No. 7700, LADIES' NEGLIGEE OR HOUSE Gown; opening at center-front or to be slipped on over the head. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust (20 cents).-Medium size requires, for slip-on style, 51/8 yards 36-inch figured material, and 3/4 yard 27inch contrasting fabric for collar. The style with center-front closing requires 71/2 yards of material 36 inches wide.

No. 7702, LADIES' APRON DRESS; to be slipped on over the head. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust (15 cents) .-Medium size requires 45% yards 32inch material.





7702 7702 [Continued on page 65]

Book of 32 Prize Yokes

The biggest Yoke Book; contains 32 stun-ning new yokes forGowns, Waists

The illustrations
are extra large, showing enlarged stitches.
With each yoke are complete, simple directions.
On sale everywhere for 10c, by mail 12c.

RICHARDSON'S R. M. C. Cordonnet, Art. 65

Green Label Crochet Cotton Crochet Cotton—the choice of experts. Made in white Sines—3, 5, 10, 15, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80. Errs Sines—5, 6, 10, 15, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80. Price 10c a ball everywhere, or by mail 12c,

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Special Offer

If your dealer does not carry R. M. C. Green
Label Crochet Cotton, and will not get it, send
us your order for 5 or more balls at 10c each
and we will send you FREE, any one of the
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These are the best and most up to date books
published. They are 10c each (12c by mail)
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RICHARDSON SILK CO. Best. 2084. CHICAGO, ILL.

RICHARDSON SILK CO., Dept. 2064, CHICAGO, ILL. Makers of Richardson's Spool and Embroidery Silks, DEALERS: Write for Special Proposition.

Beautify the Complexion



SURELY, QUICKLY Nadinola Cream

The Supreme Beauty Requisite
Used and Endorsed by Thousands

NADINOLA banishes tan, freckles, pimples, liver-spots, etc., extreme cases. Rids pores and tissues of impurities.

clear, soft, healthy. Leaves the skin Directions and guarantee in package. By toilet counters or mail, two sizes, 50 cents and \$1.00. Address Dept. M. NATIONAL TOILET COMPANY, Paris, Tenn.



In Cans ASK YOUR GROCER THE HASEROT CANNERIES CO.

SPRING LINGERIE

[Continued from page 64]



No. 7705, LADIES' THREE- OR FOUR-GORED PRINCESS SLIP; instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (15 cents). - Size requires, for threegored slip with circular flounce, 31/8 yards 36-inch fabric.



No. 5360, Ladies' and Misses' One-Piece Corset Cover or Foundation BODICE. Pattern in 6 sizes; 32 to 42 bust (10 cents).—Size 36 requires 136 yards 36-inch material or 11/2 yards 18-inch flouncing.

No. 7660, LADIES' THREE-PIECE PETTI-COAT; 41- or 37-inch length. Pattern in 7 sizes; 24 to 36 waist (15 cents).-Size 26 requires, 37-inch length, 13/8 yards 36inch fabric and 23/8 yards 18-inch flouncing.



5360-7660 [Concluded on page 66]



These Children Won't Be Cheated Of the Flavor in the Oat

Nature gives to some oat grains a most delightful flavor. Other grains she stints. Our plea is, Get the flavory grains. They alone are used in Quaker Oats. The little, starved grains are insipid. So we sift them out. We get but pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel. We get but ten

But those are the queen grains; and they make the big, luscious flakes. They

make the oat dish inviting.

Be careful of this breakfast dainty. It's an all-important food. These premier flakes cost you no extra price. And a call for Quaker Oats will bring them, wherever you abide.

With the Flavor That Won the World

It is this flavor which has made Quaker Oats the favorite oat food the world over. In millions of homes in every clime this

is the household dainty. And countless soldiers, now away from home, buy it in their canteens.

Don't think that oats are oats-that flavor bon't think that oats are oats—that have is unimportant. All the delight in oat food lies in taste. And for everybody, young and old, the oat is the food of foods.

You will never find it half so welcome

with the Quaker flavor missing.

10c and 25c per package Except in Far West and South

An Aluminum Cooker for \$1.00

Made to our order, extra large and heavy, to cook Quaker Oats in the ideal way. Send us our trademarks—the picture of the Quaker—cut from the fronts of five Quaker Oats packages, or an affidavit showing the purchase of five packages of Quaker Oats. Send \$1.00 with the trademarks or affidavit, and this ideal cooker will be sent to you by parcel post prepaid. We require the trademarks or affidavit as assurance that you are a user of Quaker Oats. The trademarks have no redemption value. This offer applies to United States and Canada. We supply only one cooker to a family.

Address The Quaker Oats Co., 1708 Railway Exchange, Chicago



All the flavor with none of the labor.



Why bother to grate cocoanut by hand when the new processes by which Dromedary Cocoanut is made bring it to you as fresh and moist as if you had just grated it? In addition, Dromedary Cocoanut sets new standards of cocoanut sets new standards of cocoanut deliciousness, economy and fresh deliciousness, economy and freshkeeping qualities.

FREE Cookie-Cutter

In order to introduce DROMEDARY COCOANUT, on receipt of ten cents (atamps or cein) we will send you a "One-Cake" Package, and fer your grocer's name also, we will include a Dromedary COOKIE-CUTTER and a Rock of Cocoanut Recipes.

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e many handsome models in reed and wood com-now so popular. The large quantities we sell enables us to quote lowest prices. Selection is m our large FREE Car-lo*. Send for it today.

LAMSON BROS. CO., 348 Summit St., Toledo, Ohio



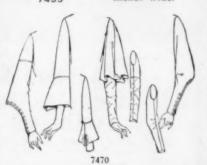
NEW APRONS AND SLEEVES

[Continued from page 65]





For practical wear is this ladies' and misses' middy or dress apron. Pattern No. 7453. in 3 sizes; 32 to 34, 36 to 38, 40 to 42 bust (15 cents). -Medium size requires, of one material, 61/8 yards 27 inches wide.



The newest dress sleeves for ladies and misses. Pattern No. 7470, in 3 sizes; 11 to 12, 13 to 14, 15 to 16 inches arm measure (10



A fancy apron for ladies and misses. Pattern No. 7490, in 3 sizes; 32 to 34, 36 to 38, 40 to 42 bust (10 cents).

7490



Save Money

Deal direct with the producer and get the inside price. Our plan gives you a selection from 180 modern houses, cottages and bungalows, cut without wate in our modern factory and shipped complete with all materials.

Big saving in cost of materials, time and labor. Forty per cent saved on carpenter work alone, Our 1917 prices based on 1918 costs. Our economy in cutting—our facilities—the superior quality of our materials—is your gain.

Complete catalog showing floor plans, actual photographs and rock-bottom prices on 160 modern houses costing \$300 and up, 4 cents postage. Home Furnishings Catalog also sent on request.

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Bay City, Mich Pan Barr House





New Method-Learn To Play By Note - Piano, Organ, Violin, Banjo, Mandolin, Cornet, Harp, 'Cello, Guitar, Piccolo, Clarinet, Trombone, Flute or to sing. Special Limited Offer of free weekly lessons, You pay only for music and postage, which is small. Money back guarantee. No extras. Beginners ordvanced pupils. Everything illustrated, plain, simple, systematic. Free lectures each course. 16 years' success. Start at once. Write for Free Booklet Today—Now. U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Bex 118

Pay As You Wish





DOLLARS AND DANDELIONS

[Continued from page 60]

are carefully drilled as to the best way of cutting and bringing in the blossoms, and are paid at the rate of one cent a quart for all perfect and usable heads.

After a most careful sorting, the blossoms are combined with lemon and sugar. The first concoction tastes like bitter lemonade and is of a yellowish color, rather muddy and dirty looking. When this fluid is ripened and strained, however, it has a clear sparkle and the color



HOME-MADE CORDIAL FOR THE FAMILY

is like amber. It has a pleasant appetizing taste and can be taken by even dyspeptics in small doses.

The cost of carrying on this work is comparatively low. The barrels may be purchased for one dollar apiece when new and are usually used only two years, and then sold for thirty-five cents or fifty cents. The sugar and the lemons are purchased at wholesale prices. Of course, it goes almost without saying that when the cordial is made in great quantities, weights and measures are in larger proportions and the work is slightly different; but for a few bottles, to be used only in home consumption, the following proportions will be enough:

To six quarts of perfectly fresh and newly picked dandelion heads allow one gallon of water. Set aside for three days and nights, then strain through a cloth. Now add three pounds of sugar, the juice of two lemons and three oranges and one-half a cake of compressed yeast. Put this mixture into a stone jar and there let it remain for four days and nights; strain again through a cloth or fine strainer, and bottle.



A poorer, cheaper grade of Pillsbury's Best is never sent out to catch the cheaper trade.

We absolutely refuse to lower the quality of Pillsbury's Best flour in order to meet a lower price.

The Pillsbury Flour Mills Company is staking its success and the life of its large business on the plan and policy of marketing but one, single, uniform, highest quality flour under its Pillsbury's Best Brand.

No one, anywhere, can buy better Pillsbury's Best flour than you can buy. Pillsbury's Best is always the same—always Pillsbury's Best—everywhere—all the time—at the grandest grocery—or at the crossroads store.

We believe this policy will win in the long-run.

The Flour Question Settled "Because Pillsbury's Best"

Send 10c for a copy of the famous Pillsbury Cook Book. Address Dept. 17
Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, Minneapolis, Minn.



The "pit-pat" of the rapidly-revolving brush gently shakes the sus-pended rug or carpet, loosening and bringing to the top all ground-in grit, sand and mud. The brush bristles also sweep the nap clean to its roots, picking up all threads, hairs, lint and dirt, no matter how tightly they cling. Powersuction then draws off thisloosenedanddislodged litter and dirt, together with all surface dirt.

No other vacuum cleaner No other vacuum cleaner has this fast turning brush. It is a HOOVER patent. Hence others can dolittle better than half-clean your floor-coverings, while the Hoover always gets ALL the dirt. It is the ONLY one which THOROUGHLY CLEANS—and we can prove it and we can prove it!

Name of nearest store sell-

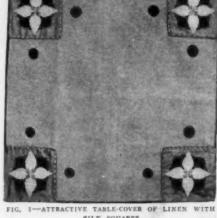
The Hoover Suction Sweeper Co. Box 16, New Berlin, Ohi



Wool Embroidery on I

By ELIZABETH MACKENZIE ROTH

700L embroidery offers an interesting departure from the ordinary silk and cotton work. and promises to be very popular, this spring. It has three strong arguments in its favor; it is durable, extremely striking, and also economical, in that it requires but a small amount of wool and of time. Some fancy-



SQUARES

work experts are even combining wool Keep the work loose enough, while work-

as in the usual embroidery. Instead, start a stitch at one side of the design on the extreme edge, and follow up this stitch in a straight line to the opposite side of the leaf or petal, continuing back and forth, until the entire space is filled. The white petals are started at the center, and are worked to the outer edge in a straight line.

with silk embroidery, using the former for ing, so that the wool, linen, and silk will lie basic patterns, and the latter for that al-



FIG. 3-TABLE-RUNNER OF LINEN CRASH

ways-to-be-desired finishing touch along To prevent the wool stitches from workthe edges or for the purpose of catching ing loose later, tack with a silk thread of down the wool. This should be done in contrasting color one single strand of

Here every instance. are some useful household articles, most of them worked on linen or crash, that lend themselves so effectively to the possibilities of varicolored wool embroidery, that but to see them is to want some just like them in your own home.

A 21-inch square table-cover of naturalcolor linen (Fig. 1), decorated with five-inch silk squares at the corners, and embroidered in white and green wool with touches, here and there, of bright red silk, makes an ideal library

article. The small squares are first cut out, stamped with the design, basted, and sewed firmly in place, and then embroidered in green wool.

FIG. 2-

OF PON-

GEE SILK

HAND-BAG

In embroidering in wool, don't try to follow the directions of the petal or leaf,

wool. Skip the next strand, and so on, until the wool is all tacked in place. An important thing to remember in tacking is that the stitches of silk must be taken right through the silk and linen. It is best to finish each space as you work, rather than to do all the wool and then the silk.

On this design the wool (both white and green) is tacked with green silk stitches. The white wool follows the longest direction, from the center to the edge, while the green wool

goes in the opposite direction, from side to side. The tiny petals between the white and the green ones are in bright red silk, worked in the regular solid-embroidery. The small circles of green wool between

[Continued on page 74]



ONGOLEUM Rugs

This rug on the floor is Congoleum Art - Rug No. 308. The 9 x 101/2 ft. size retails for \$10.00.

THE modern home is turning more and more to rugs because rugs are more convenient, more artistic and more economical than carpets. Congoleum Rugs give the appearance of woven rugs but have a beautiful, firm, sanitary surface with many superior advantages.

Beautiful-Economical

2

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Their beauty is undeniable. Their durability is a proved fact. Their moderate prices put them within reach of all. Their variety of patterns and colors makes them suitable for any room in any home where a low-priced rug is required.

Think of rugs that require no beating—waterproof rugs that can be kept sanitary merely by the use of a damp mop. That's all you need do to keep Congoleum Rugs bright and clean.

Congoleum Rugs require no fastening of any kind – they never curl up at the edges. They "stay put" and "hug the floor."

Congoleum Art-Rugs

Congoleum Art-Rugs have unusually beautiful patterns, the work of famous rug designers. Their deep, harmonizing colors givethem great distinction and permit of their use with any color scheme. You couldn't make a better rug investment. Made in two sizes only:

9 ft. x 101/2 ft., \$10.00 9 ft. x 12 ft., \$11.00

Congoleum Utility-Rugs

Congoleum Utility-Rugs have a wider range of sizes than the Art-Rugs and are even lower in price.

3 ft. x 4½ ft. \$0.98 each 6 ft. x 6 ft. \$2.60 each 6 ft. x 9 ft. 3.90 each 7 ft. x 9 ft. 3.90 each 4½ ft. x 4½ ft. 1.50 each 9 ft. x 12 ft. \$8.00 each

Look For Name "Congoleum" On Back

The success of Congoleum products has caused numerous imitations to appear. Therefore, be sure to look for the name "Congoleum" on back of every Rug you buy. It's your protection against imitations.

FREE Handsome Rug Chart

We will send you free an attractive Rug Chart printed in colors. It will give you some idea of the beauty of Congoleum Rugs. Just send us your name and address. It will help solve that floor covering problem.

The prices in the far West average 15% higher than those quoted above; in Canada prices average 25% higher.

The Congoleum Company

Philadelphia Chicago Montreal Toronto The

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Boston San Francisco Winnipeg Vancouver Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S. Congoleum
Utility-Rug
No. 104

Congoleum
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No. 302

Congoleum

Utility-Rug No. 106



No Meal Is Commonplace

With Puffed Grains in It

Thousands of dishes of Puffed Wheat in milk are served every day at lunch counters.

The dish is cheap—the counter bare. But he luncheon is

Elsewhere-on fine linen-thousands of business men lunch daily on Puffed Wheat and Rice.

And the dish outshines the table.

These bubbles of grain, with every food cell exploded, are becoming more and more the man's lunch.

So in homes. No breakfast is humble with Puffed Grains on the table. No supper seems scanty when Puffed Grains float in milk.

And flower-decked tables lack half their attraction if the Puffed Grain dish is missing.

These Are Wonder Foods

These bubbles of grain—eight times normal size—are fascinating dainties. They are thin and airy, flimsy, flaky, crisp.

Almost as fragile as snowflakes. And they melt away into almond-flavored granules. Every taste calls for more. See that children get all they want of them.

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

and Corn Puffs Each 15c Except in Far West

Remember that these are scientific foods. They are made by Prof. Anderson's process—shot from guns. In the process, a hundred million steam explosions occur in every kernel. Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is easy and complete.

Every element is thus made available. Every atom feeds, Nothing compares with Puffed Grains as dainty food confections.

Keep all three kinds on hand.

The Quaker Oats Company



VARIETIES IN MEAT DISHES

By OUR SUBSCRIBERS

CHILLI.-Mash one can of kidneybeans, add one small can of tomatoes, run through a colander, add one and one-half quarts of water. Let mixture boil ten or fifteen minutes. Salt to taste and add one teaspoonful of chilli powder, which can be purchased at the grocery in small bottles for a very small sum. Serve hot with crackers.

POTTED LIVER.-Wash and cut up two pounds of beef-liver, cover with cold water, let come to a boil, and simmer until tender. Press through a potato-ricer; add one-half cupful of butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of pepper. Beat the above mixture to a smooth paste. Mince a good-sized onion and a few sprigs of parsley and stir into the mashed liver. Put in jars in a cold place and it will keep for some time.

HAMBURGER.—Chop one large, or two small onions very fine; place them in a kettle with one tablespoonful of lard, and let brown. Add ten cents' worth of Hamburg steak and stir until meat is cooked.

RABBIT LOAF.-Chop fine the meat of one or two rabbits. Add one-quarter of a pound of chopped lean salt pork, two small onions, three sticks of celery, one and one-half cupfuls of chilli sauce, one and one-half cupfuls of cracker-crumbs. butter the size of a walnut, and salt and pepper to taste. Parboil rabbits and pork before chopping. Mix all in loaf and bake three-quarters of an hour.

BAKED STEAK.—Have round-steak cut about one and one-half inches thick and, for convenience in handling, divide it into several pieces. With the bowl of a large spoon work flour into both sides of the steak. Brown on both sides in hot suet. Pour over this gravy, or stock if you have it; if not, hot water to cover. Season with salt and pepper. Put in a baking-dish and bake an hour.

SAVORY ROLLS .- Remove all skin or fat, and mince finely one pound of raw beef. Season with salt, pepper and a tablespoonful of chopped herbs. Add one teacupful of bread-crumbs and one egg thoroughly beaten: make all into a roll, wrap in buttered paper, and place in a baking-tin. Bake for three-quarters of an hour; then allow the roll to cool. Make well shortened paste; roll out, and cut into oblong pieces. Place upon each piece a long thick strip sliced from the above roll. Wrap the pastry over the meat, and bake till the former is cooked. Serve hot or cold, with a garnish of parsley.

[Continued on page 71]



VARIETIES IN MEAT DISHES

[Continued from page 70]

SCALLOPED OYSTERS.—Oysters prepared in any form make an inviting dish, as long as their season lasts, but scalloped oysters are especially palatable. To one quart and one pint of oysters add two rounded tablespoonfuls of butter and one cupful of cream. Add one teaspoonful of anchovy sauce and some grated lemon-rind. Pour a little sauce into the baking-dish, then put in a layer of oysters, and on top of that a good thick layer of cracker-crumbs, sprinkled with salt and dabs of butter, Then pour on more of the sauce and repeat Jayers until dish is full, the last layer being cracker-crumbs.

CHOP-STEAKS.—Take English mutton chops, veal or thick pork chops. Have the bone removed and roll them, holding the meat firmly together while the fat of the bone is brought around securely, making a plump cutlet, which is held together with a skewer, or wrapped with stout twine. Broil or grill over hot fire. If a gas range is used, roast in oven, or in a covered pan on top of flame-burner. These cook in about ten minutes. Serve on hot buttered toast with melted currant jelly or jelly of any other flavor poured over the top. Add a bit of watercress or parsley to make the dish attractive.

To Make Tough Round-Steak Ten-DER.—To make a thick round-steak tender, wash it quickly in cold water; cut it into medium-sized pieces, after taking out the round bit of bone, and preserve the marrow in it, to put into your frying fat for flavor. Lay the pieces in a shallow pan with just enough cold water to cover well; let them lie twenty minutes. Meanwhile, prepare a covered vessel of hot fat-onehalf lard and one-half beef-tallow. Sift flour into a dish. After twenty minutes, take the meat out of the cold water, and lightly press each piece between a dry cloth; sprinkle with salt and pepper, flour well on both sides, then drop into the hot fat, piece by piece, and fry until thoroughly browned.

CORNED BEEF HASH.—To each cupful of chopped meat add an equal quantity of cooked potatoes minced very fine, but not put through the chopper. The meat should be nearly all lean, but a small amount of the corned beef fat gives a fine flavor. Add to the above quantity a level tablespoonful of melted butter and about two tablespoonfuls of milk. When the frying-pan has been well greased by melting in it a generous tablespoonful of butter, lard, or other fat, turn in the hash, and pack it down flat. Allow it to brown well on one side, and turn in sections with the cake-turner to brown on the other. Ham may be used in the same way.



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MINOR AILMENTS IN BABYHOOD

[Continued from page 63]

With older children, fruit and vegetables also should be stopped, and brown toast, toast water, grated flour ball, and gruel made of slightly browned flour, should be the diet.

A medicinal laxative is advisable when diarrhea begins, to rid the system of the poisonous germ and the fermenting intestinal contents. Milk of magnesia is a mild laxative. Mineral oil is as effective as castor oil, and has none of the weakening and constipating effects of castor oil. For prompt relief, citrate of magnesia is advisable. Pills, patent medicines, and calomel are dangerous for children.

The baby's skin is very sensitive and many of his lusty protests are caused by skin irritations. Chafing is due to lack of perfect cleanliness and drying of the skin. In all the creases of the neck, arms, and legs, under the knees, the armpits, between the fingers and the toes, around the buttocks, the mother must carefully wash each day, and pat thoroughly dry with a soft towel. Especially, must this be done in warm weather, as the perspiration is somewhat acid and irritating. Every time the diaper is changed the baby must be washed and dried, and only a clean, dry diaper put on that has been washed with mild soap, without washing-soda, bluing, or starch.

F there is any chafing, the affected parts should be gently wiped several times a day with sweet oil instead of water, for cleansing, and an ointment of zinc oxide or stearate of zinc applied until they are healed. Vaseline is likely to irritate. Powder should be used very sparingly, merely as a lubricant to absorb the moisture and keep these creases or folds of skin gliding smoothly instead of sticking. With some babies, sweet oil or cold-cream will be more effective for this purpose than the powder. The pores need to be open for absorbing oxygen and for pouring out waste gases, poisons in solution, excess moisture and heat. Powder hinders this important absorption and elimination. and should, therefore, be used sparingly.

A soothing, healing powder is made of two ounces of oxide of zinc, two ounces of boracic acid powder and two ounces of corn-starch or rice powder; the latter should be purchased at the grocery. These should be thoroughly mixed, sifted through a piece of clean, coarse muslin, and kept in a covered box. A sterilized pepper-box makes a satisfactory shaker. Scented powders contain coarse, irritating particles. Talcum is irritating to many skins, and should not be used on chafed parts.

Prickly heat may be prevented by light clothing during the hot weather, and avoiding wool next the skin. Bathe the

[Concluded on page 73]

MINOR AILMENTS IN BABYHOOD

[Continued from page 72]

parts in lukewarm water, adding a level teaspoonful of baking-soda to a quart of water. Give one or two teaspoonfuls of strained orange juice or strained spinach several times a day between feedings; or if the bowels are too loose for this, give water in which celery or lettuce has been simmered half an hour, to counteract excess acidity of the blood.

SUNBURN from sun or wind calls for the application of sweet cream, cold cream, or olive oil, and the disuse of water on these parts, until the burn has healed. The application of these unguents on the baby's face before taking him out, may prevent this painful experience.

The crust that sometimes appears on a baby's head, commonly called "cradle cap," may be prevented by the daily washing and thorough rinsing and drying of the head. If it should appear, sweet oil or freshly rendered lard should be applied at night, the head washed as usual at the daily bath, and a slight fresh application made of the unguent. It should never be rubbed or touched with a comb or removed in any harsh way.

Irritation at the back of the baby's head may be prevented by changing his position several times during the day, laying him sometimes on one side, or on his stomach with a little flat cushion under his chest. If the slightest irritation appears, zinc ointment should be applied, and a padded ring of cotton made to keep the back of the head slightly raised, so that pressure is removed from the irritated spot while the baby sleeps.

Fretfulness and disturbed sleep are symptoms of trouble somewhere, for a normal, well, wisely managed baby will sleep all night and will be too contented to fret. The cause of the discomfort and irritation must be discovered and removed. It may be irregular feeding or regimen, over-feeding, or too frequent feeding; it may be the clothing is too warm, restrictive, rough; there may be constipation, thirst, chafing; the mother or attendant may be nervous, irritable or irritating; there may be too much excitement or stimulation, tossing, shouting, tickling, or other thoughtless nerve-racking treatment; the mother may have been nursing the baby when she herself was nervous, excited, over-tired. All these things should be guarded against most carefully to insure the baby's future health.

Editor's Note.—Any inquiries regarding your special baby problem will gladly be answered if you will address your letter, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to Mary L. Read, Baby Welfare Department, McCall's Magazine, 236 W. 37th Street, New York City.



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WOOL EMBROIDERY ON LINEN

[Continued from page 68]

the silk squares are held down with green silk, as in the case of the squares. edges of the silk squares are finished by a strand of white wool, over which is buttonholed green wool. Two stitches are taken close together; then a little space is left. The linen square is finished in this way, with the exception that green wool is used throughout the work.

The little hand-bag of pongee silk (Fig. 2, page 68), worked in the wool embroid-

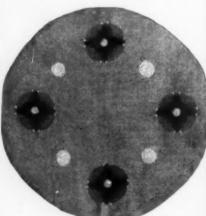


FIG. 4-LINEN CENTERPIECE WORKED IN OLD-ROSE, BLUE, AND GREEN

ery, will give an idea of how effective this kind of work is for wearing apparel. It can be developed most attractively for hats and dresses. This bag is of the drawstring variety, which is so fashionable at the present time. It is worked in old-rose, old-blue, and green, the embroidery being



FIG. 5-SERVICEABLE PILLOW-COVER IN LINEN

held in place by stitches of old-blue. Little balls of silk filled with cotton finish the ends of the draw-strings, as well as the bottom of the bag. Silk tassels may be used instead, however, if you don't care to make the balls. The bag is lined with

[Concluded on page 75]

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WOOL EMBROIDERY ON LINEN

[Continued from page 74]

old-blue silk, and the same color is used for the draw-strings of the silk cord.

The table-runner (Fig. 3, page 68) is of golden-brown linen crash, with band of silk of the same shade. It measures fifty inches in length and fifteen inches in width. A conventionalized flower is repeated twice on each end of the silk band. The outside part of the flower is worked in violet; the center is old-rose with a line of green separating these two colors. Green is also used for the leaves and The small dots are worked in oldrose; the larger ones in violet; and the work is held down by stitches of old-rose silk.

The centerpiece for the dining-table (Fig. 4, page 74) is of natural-color linen, embroidered in old-rose, old-blue, and green: The edge is buttonholed in oldrose over two strands of wool of old-blue

The pillow cover (Fig. 5, page 74) is of same material, golden-brown linen crash, but is embroidered in a little different manner, in that the work is done directly on the linen, instead of on the silk. The wool stitches are taken right through the linen, like a darning-stitch. Just one thread of linen is picked up, at intervals of a quarter of an inch or so. In this way, no silk stitches are necessary. Orange wool is used for the small round flowers, and violet for the centers and the principal part of the large center flower. The lines from the center to the edge are in orange; the circular lines in old-rose, green, and violet; and the center in touches of old-rose and green. The leaves and stems are also worked in green, and the edge is buttonholed in green over violet wool.

The new venture promises increased popularity, and the sooner the ambitious needlewoman adds it to her other embroidery accomplishments, the more up to date she will be.

Editor's Note.-Perforated patterns of the designs worked on these articles may be had for ten cents each. Send stamps or money order to The McCall Company, McCall Building, 236-246 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.

AN ECCLES CAKE RECEIPT

By A SUBSCRIBER

ROLL out left-over pie crust-puff or short-in rounds about six inches in diameter, and fairly thin. In the middle of each round put a small handful of currants or raisins, and nut meats, broken small, a heaping teaspoonful of soft sugar, and a dash of your favorite spice. Carefully roll out to the original size. Slash slightly and bake a light brown.



Noon—Night Morning-

If the daily round of dishwashing sometimes discourages you, take heart! It needn't be such hard work. It needn't take so long.

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PERSEPHONE Pigs

[Concluded from page 10]

"What do you mean? Between whom?" "Pigs and me, of course. Eyes? Mine aren't red! Hair? Can't be that-I'm a dusty blond while he is-shall we call it Ethiopian? Maybe it's the voice—guess it must be. He squeals as I sing tenor." He gently deposited the squirming little beast on the ground and watched him scuttle off into the darkness.

"Phil, what are you talking about?"

"It's simple enough." He stood up, hands in pockets, and surveyed her. "You say that in the old days they offered up pigs to Persephone. Now as I understand it, you are planning to offer me on the same altar. Am I wrong?'

"You mustn't think it would be alto-

gether easy-for me," she said.
"N-no," he admitted, picking up his pipe and scowling at it, "but I suppose the pigs were often pets, in those old, days-don't you? Of course, that lent additional value to the sacrifice. Well, what do you say? Suppose we go back to the temple, or what's left of it, and then you can offer me up in form? Demetrios can blow the horn when he is ready."

Out among the ruins he helped her to a throne upon a block of fretted marble, and stood beside her in the moonlight with his arms folded, looking where she looked, and trying to see what she saw. When the wind stirred the lace of her sleeve, it just touched his cheek. But for the most part there was no wind, nor a breath of sound, save now and then a bar of music from a distant wine-shop violin. Beyond the cypress-tipped village with its occasional small lights, shone the bright, living waters of the bay. All about rose Doric hills, purple against the sky.

"It seems to me," suggested Dacey, "that we ought to have a prayer. Thenwe might have some music. That would cover the squeals and make us feel gay."

"Oh, Phil, please don't talk like that!" He glanced at her sidewise. "Just as you say, of course. You know, I wonder what they al! get out of it, anyhow? Persephone gets the pig-that's easy. And the pig gets his. But where does the high priestess come in?"

"Why, she-has the joy of giving."

"Must make her truly hilarious. mustn't it? I should think she'd hear those little pigs in her sleep, though."

"Phil, don't!" she cried.

"I'm just saying," he persisted doggedly, "that he joy of giving doesn't seem to me the whole answer. Does Persephone offer big rewards for all this?"

"Persephone-the work here-is its own reward. I love it so, the-poetry and all. It's Greece, and it's my life and my work, and I love it better than anythingor anyone-in all the world. Can't you understand? It satisfies me!"

"That's just the point. Does it?" he demanded, facing her abruptly. "I don't doubt you think it does. But-why, good heavens, you don't even know you're a woman yet, you little savante! Come here." As she drew back, "Bless you, dear, I'm not going to hurt you."

Obediently, she came down from her throne and stood there before him, shrinking a little, but delicately courageous, Gently, the big man put his arms about her.

"It isn't fair," he told her haltingly, 'not to show you-what you're giving up. Put your arms around my neck. So. Now I'm going to kiss you * * * on * Again, dear * * * the lips * * Precious!" After a long moment—"There, we'll put her back on the marble throne again, just as she was before, that's it. And we'll leave her the old khaki coat, because she's shivering. Then we'll go away and not bother her any more, little high priestess of Persephone!"

He wrapped the coat about her, and went away, leaving her sitting there, very still and very dignified on her cold marble seat. She did not move, or hardly breathe, till he was quite gone from her sight. Then she huddled down into the warmth of the khaki coat and sobbed as if her heart would break. "I don't love him, I don't," she sobbed, "I-I don't!" The coat reminded her too poignantly of his arms about her, and she cast it off. She got to her knees on the block and looked for a sign from the gods to help her.

Everywhere there were the tumbled stones, and the broken pavements, and the steep black hills against the stars. It was very strange and terrible to be here all alone, with broken stones and staring moonlight. Over in the village there were lights, and the violin was playing dance music. How deathly still it was among the ruins! Over yonder people were alive, and happy with each other.

"Here, it's so dead," Phebe whispered,

awed, "it's so-dead!"

Oh, why had he gone and left her? Perhaps he did not mean to come back, ever. There was a midnight train from Athens. What if-? But she hadn't heard his motor. Perhaps he was still here. If only-oh, if only-! She picked up the old coat and ran, stumbling blindly, toward the farmyard. As she ran, she prayed breathlessly to whatever gods might hear, that he would not be gone, that he would wait.

Midway there, in front of the cavern of Dis, she found him waiting for her.

"At least," said Demetrios patiently, when he had recalled his employers and scattered the pigs of Persephone by repeated blowings of his horn, "at least, we will now make the start. For the restit is in the hand of God. We go but slowly."

HOUSEKEEPING AS A BUSINESS

By ELLA M. TARBET

VERY woman should take an interest -as it is well located, well built, and in running her house on a practical and economical basis. She must be systematic and business-like if she wishes to accomplish much along this line. After all, housework is not drudgery if done in the right manner, for modern inventions have already eliminated much of the hard physical labor from the home. Besides, a certain amount of labor is good for every one of us, and it lies within the housewife's power to bring into it all the beauty, as well as all the science possible.

A well ordered home means well ordered minds, and well ordered habits, while confusion in the home means a confused mind, a mind not able to grasp the essentials because the smaller details are

pressing forward and confusing the whole scheme or plan. I have tried both plans, and know positively that I accomplish much more through being systematic and using business methods, than I did, ten years ago, when I thought it did not require much thought to be a housekeeper. Now, I do not work nearly so hard, and have leisure to do some literary work, which adds to

my income. varies, of course, but in the last five years we have averaged one hundred dollars a month, after all office expenses are paid. That means an income of twelve hundred. dollars each year. There are only two in the family, and we own our home. We live in a country town, about seventy-five miles from Chicago. We bought our place only two years ago, but had lived in the house eight years before buying. We find that we have spent in repairs on the house (such as cement walks, fencing, painting, papering, insurance, and taxes) the same amount each year, one hundred and fifty dollars, which is the same as if we were still renting it. In fact, we planned to do this each year, so as to equalize the expense; and when we sell (if we ever do) we expect to realize that much more for the place. We bought an old-fashioned house at a bargain-or so we considered it

capable of being made over to our liking, with a little expense each year.

Of course, we have a garden, and a fine one, too. I know because I spend many hours there, not only among the sweet peas and other flowers, but also among my vegetables. We raise a little of everything, except potatoes and sweet-corn. I am a total failure in that line. I need either a course in agriculture or more land before I can grow those two cherished vegetables. Our garden plot is fifty feet wide and forty-two feet deep. I have to buy all my fruit for canning, as our trees and vines are too young to bear fruit. I canned fifteen quarts of tomatoes, eight quarts of beets, and eight quarts of string-beans

> from my garden last year. I had one-half bushel of carrots and one bushel of turnips for the cellar, and also quite a large box of parsley, which I transplanted in the fall, and kept in the south cellar - window. I experimented with kohlrabi, cauliflower, and eggplant last summer; I had more kohlrabi and cauliflower than I could use, but no eggplant. My garden experi-

ments are quite We have a small business. The income a pleasure to me, and a source of amusement to my neighbors, I fear. They haven't forgotten the year my cucumber vines brought forth seven musk-melons, but no cucumbers.

> NOW, in regard to help, during the last year, I have had a man two days in the spring and one day in the fall at one dollar and a half per day, totaling four dollars and a half. I pay a woman one dollar a week for the washing and ironing, which is done away from the house. My help cost me fifty-six dollars and a half last year. We have only seven rooms in our house, and by using rugs, stained floors, and few draperies, I find it quite easy to take care of my home. here let me tell you why my work is not drudgery. My kitchen is my work-shop and I believe in the modern inventions, and

> > [Continued on page 80]





MY KITCHEN IS MY WORK-SHOP



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COMMON-SENSE BEAUTY TALKS

By ANNETTE BEACON

DATTY ANN came trailing in, with her kimono held about her, brush and comb in hand, while Amy's boudoircapped head showed forth behind.

"Hair-brushing hour is lots of fun!" sighed Patty, sinking down cross-legged on a floor cushion, while Amy dropped into a low, deep-seated wicker chair in the sunny window. "What are you going to

tell us about, to-day, Miss Pennington?"

"What do you want me to tell you about?" countered Miss Pennington from the comfortable depths of heaped pillows on the chaise longue.

"Oh, I don't know," reflected Patty Ann.

"But I do," interrupted Amy. "Tell us, Miss Pennington, why it is Patty Ann and I look so-so sloppy, in our kimonos, and

you look just as dressed up in yours as you do in your very loveliest gown."

"But I'm not wearing a kimono," corrected Miss Pennington, smilingly.

"You'd look just the same if you were!" asserted Amy. "And nobody else does-that is, not very many people. I remember Mrs. Horton always did, when I visited Agnes last year -and so does Susan, since she came home from boarding-school. never used to, though. Why is it?"

one foot under her, comfortably. "I'll have to be quite personal, girls. Sure you don't mind?

"Sure!"

MISS PENNINGTON reflected. Then she met their waiting gaze squarely. "The big difference is that I'm-neat; and you and Patty Ann aren't."

A stricken glance was her reply.

"But, Miss Pennington," began Patty, "I've only got this horrid old kimono to

put on, and you have all those lovely negligees. How could anybody look pretty in this?" And Patty Ann held it out disdainfully.

"I accept the challenge," responded Miss Pennington promptly. "Give me your kimono-and here's my negligee!"

After a minute of adjustment before the mirror-"Who's tidy, now?" queried

Miss Pennington gaily, turning about.

Patty gave a despairing sigh. "You look almost as nice in that as in this," she murmured. "And I-I look better in your negligee than in my kimono, but I don't look pretty and dainty, the way you do. It's something the matter with me, isn't it?"

Miss Pennington nodded. "Something the matter with youand something the matter with Amy.

But, oh, so easy to remedy!" "You and Amy both have the idea - shared by hundreds and hundreds of other women - that a kimono and a boudoir cap are intended to cover up defects in your toilet until such time as you get

around to

remedy them. Now, I have a totally different viewpoint. I realize that a loose garment like a

Miss Pennington sat up and curled kimono or negligee suggests a makeshift toilet, and I go to a great deal of trouble to prove that this suggestion is all wrong. I never put up with a makeshift toilet, and I don't intend to look as if I had. I choose and wear a boudoir cap just as I choose and wear the most expensive hat I possess-because it is pretty and becoming, and not because I can tuck hastily pinned-up hair into its recesses."

Here Miss Pennington cast a quizzical glance at Amy.

[Continued on page 83]



SLIPPERS GIVE

A FINISHING TOUCH

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and it really keeps my skin perfectly smooth. I was astonished to notice the wonderful qualities of Sempre Giovine and have recommended it to all my friends in the profession, and now take this opportunity of recommending it to you."

We can think of no stronger evidence of the merit of Sempre Giovine than Miss Williams' sincere recommendation. Notice Kathlyn Williams' wonderfully smooth skin even in "close-ups." It shows her selection has been a wise one.

Sempre Giovine is a complexion-aid and skin-cleanser in convenient cake form. The ingredients from which it is made soothe the skin and keep the complexion faultlessly clear. There is nothing like it. One trial will convince you.



At any Drug Store or Toilet Goods Dept. 50c. Send coupon for free sample and 12-color panel posed by the Magazine Cover Girl.

Marietta Stanley Co.

Dept. 2064

Grand Rapids, Mich.

(COUPON)

Marietta Stanley Co. Dept. 2064 Grand Rapids, Mich.

Please send me the
7-day cake of Sempre Giovine

 7-day cake of Sempre Giovine alone. I enclose 4c.
 7-day cake of Sempre Giovineand the 12-color Sempre Giovine

Girl panel. I enclose 10c.

Name

Address

This New Range Is A Wonder For Cooking

Although it is less than four feet long it can do every kind of cooking for any ordinary family by gas in warm weather, or by coal or wood when the kitchen needs heating.



There is absolutely no danger in this combination, as the gas section is as entirely separate from the coal section as if placed in another part of the kitchen.

Gold Medal

for baking, glass paneled and one for broiling, with white enamel door. The large oven below has the Indicator and is heated by coal or wood.



See the cooking surface when you want to rush things-five burners for gas and four covers for coal.

The entire range is always available as both coal and gas ovens can be operated at the same time, using one for meats and the other for pastry. It's the range that

Makes Cooking Easy

Write for handsome free booklet 120 that tells all about it

Weir Stove Co., Taunton, Mass.

Makers of the Celebrated Glenwood Coal, Wood and Gas Ranges, Heating Stoves and Furnaces.

HOUSEKEEPING AS A BUSINESS

use the oiled mop, dustless dusters, breadmixer, self-wringing mop, and other conveniences. No, I did not buy all of them at any one time. It took me two years, perhaps three, before I secured what few

Our groceries average seventeen dollars and ninety cents each month, with milk and cream two dollars extra, making in all nineteen dollars and ninety cents. I buy the cheaper cuts of meat and use a fireless-cooker and a casserole, two modern devices which greatly lessen the meat bills. We buy sugar by the sack-one hundred pounds-often saving one dollar in this way. I buy potatoes, in the fall, in large quantities. Five bushels are all we use during the winter, as we do not

care for potatoes every day. Last fall, I bought a crate of canned goods-peas, salmon, corn, and pincapple - s i x cans of each, which cost me far less bought thus on a large scale. If purchased singly, they would have cost me at least, sixty-five cents more. Starch. soap, oatmeal, beans, and rice are all bought in moderately large quantities. A 11 goods that will not spoil I can keep in my house as well as the grocer can in his store. I buy when

always see my goods. In the winter, I often buy meat in the same way. Last week, at the market, I bought:

Several lbs.	of	ch	16	a	p	e	8	1	1	Н	21	ei		í	0	r	٠	0			0		\$0.63
Several Ibs.	of	pa	01	ı		8	le		k		1	0	T		۰		0	0	0	0	0	0	.40
soup bone																							.15
Round-steak	for													•	0		٨		A		.0.		.32
Total,								,			×	,			,						×		\$1.50

From this I had meat for seven meals. We use meat only once a day. After reserving about one pound of the twelve and one-half cent beef, the rest, with one pound of the pork, was put through the This made enough sausages, by chopper. adding other ingredients, for two meals, also a small beef-loaf. The other pound of beef was cut into two-inch cubes for a stew and dumplings; one pound of the pork was used as steak; the round-steak

was cooked in the casserole, and the soupbone finished out the other meal.

WE allow two hundred and thirty-six dollars and forty cents for clothes; and I find that mine cost nearly twice as much as my husband's. I do all my white sewing, but have my best gowns made by a good dressmaker. I have had my long coat three years; but I renewed it, this year, by adding a large, corded-silk collar and cuffs, and pretty silk fastenings for the front. This is the second year for my broadcloth suit, the skirt of which I changed some this winter and made more modern.' Before buying a dress, suit, coat, or hat, I take stock of what I have on hand and decide whether or not the new

article will harmonize with the other garments. My husband, too, is careful. He wears his overcoat as long as I do my coat, and buys his suits about as I do the tailored suits, usually having three suits on hand. I do all our pressing and dry cleaning.

I know \$36 a year for music, books, and magazines seems out of proportion to the rest, but as we both love to read, we buy with a view of increasing our library. In our \$48 a year for amuse-

and where I can get the best prices, and ments, we include five dollars for a lecture course, and five dollars for club dues, trips to the city, theater, and little trips to neighboring towns.

The repairs and improvements on the house are really a saving or investment, but I class that separately as it was, at one time, the rent we paid out, and might, therefore, be counted as a substitute for rent. The "twenty-year endowment insurance," the "Building and Loan," the "anniversary vase" and small amount left in my purse, are our actual savings, one hundred and sixty-seven dollars and sixtytwo cents. Now you want to know what the "anniversary vase" is? Well, about six years ago, a friend gave a pretty little vase for an anniversary present and my husband placed in it a silver dollar which was coined the year we were married.

[Continued on page 81]



CUCUMBER VINES" THAT BROUGHT FORTH MUSK-

and also and Acts also also

HOUSEKEEPING AS A BUSINESS

[Continued from page 80]

The idea grew, and we both found ourselves looking over all our change and every coin bearing that date we placed in the vase. This year the vase yielded us forty-seven dollars and twelve cents. Try the plan; you will find it quite fascinating.

No doubt I could save from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars more if I did all my work, and spent less for clothes, books, and amusements. But we believe that—"All work and no play makes Jill a dull wife;" and a happy, healthy wife means more to any man than the few dollars she might save by working and stinting from morning until night.

I have kept a book of household accounts for five years now, have all my

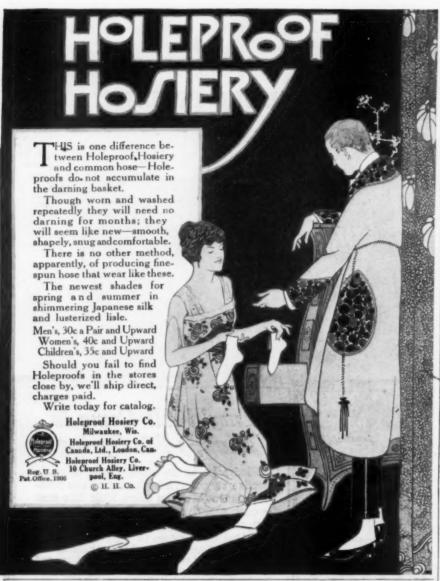


KEEPING ACCOUNT OF EVERY PENNY

books of other years, and, at the end of each month, in balancing my book, I often turn to the same month of the preceding year or years. If I find the present month seems much larger than other years, I look it over to see where the leakage is and try to make the next month come back in line. Of course, no two months are alike in actual expenditures for each section. I remember that last June our grocery account was twenty-eight dollars, even when we were using our garden. But during that month, I purchased cherries and berries for canning. Another month later in the year, the bill was only seven dollars and ninety cents. So you see, those two months kept up the average. It is the same with the buying of clothes and household furnishings: they seem out of all proportion in the spring and fall, but average up all right if you are careful and study your expenditures. You have to save in certain sections during some months to be able to purchase what you want in that section later on. In household furnishings, I include three pairs of curtains, one rug, table-linen, bed-linen, magazine-stand, and kitchen-utensils.

[Concluded on page 82]







We do this to familiarize you with Chalmers Pearls—the best pearl buttons made. Buttons are color perfect, centers extra strong and holes do not cut thread. Only gc to 100 a card for Quality A. Quality B for less. Return five empty cards to us with only gc and get a handsome

SOLID SILVER THIMBLE

Chalmers Pearls are good for every button pur-pose. On sale everywhere. We are the largest manufacturers of Pearl Buttons in the world— we make 7,000 a minute.

Harvey Chalmers & Son, Amsterdam, N. Y.

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with antiseptic dressing. For cuts, scratches, insect bites, and infected membranes use

Borated

Petroleum Jellu

Sold in handy tin tubes at drug and department stores.

Avoid substitutes.

Write for new booklet and poster stamps.



CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO. 5 State Street New York

HOUSEKEEPING AS A BUSINESS

[Continued from page 81]

A friend living in Chicago, whose income is one thousand dollars a year, has followed this plan for two years. We compared books last January and found where we differed. Here are our compared lists. The first is an exact copy taken from my own household account-book of 1911. The second is my friend's list:

Pe	r Month	Per Year
Repairs on house (and rent)	\$12.50	\$150.00
Heat	4.90	58.80
Light	1.50	18.00
Wages	4-71	56.52
Groceries	19.90	238.80
Clothes	19.70	236.40
Telephone	1.25	15.00
Ice	1.00	12.00
Incidentals	4.00	48.00
Life Insurance	1.50	18.00
Benevolences	1.00	12,00
Doctor's fees	1.58	18.96
Music, books, magazines	3.00	36.00
Amusements	4.00	48.00
Furnishings for House	5.00	60.00
Garden-(Seeds, plants, spad-		
ing)	.48	5.76
Savings:		
Life Insurance (20-year En-		
dowment)	4-35	52.20
Building and Loan	5.00	60.00
Anniversary Vase	3.92	47.04
Amount in my purse	.71	8.52
Total	00.001	\$1,200.00

Pe	r Month	Per Year
Rent	\$26.00	\$312.00
Gas	2.00	24.00
Wages	1.50	18.00
Groceries	20.00	240.00
Clothes	12.00	144.00
Telephone	1.50	18.00
Incidentals	2.10	25.20
Ice	-1.29	15.48
Doctor's Fees	2.08	24.96
Music, Books and Magazines	.83	9.96
Car-fare	2.60	31.20
Furnishings for House	3.00	36.00
Amusements	2.40	28.80
20-Year Endowment Insurance.	3.02	36.24
Savings bank	3.00	36.00
Total	48	tone 9.

You will see by these lists that, although my friend paid more for rent, she had no coal to buy. By comparing the items "Clothes" and "Wages," we found she managed much better than I. She makes all her clothes (except tailored suits), and, therefore, lessens the cost about one-third. Doubtless, you noticed, too, that, although my friend has no garden, she spent only ten cents more each month for groceries.

Such comparisons are often as amusing as they are valuable and, at all times, they will give you a cue to your extravagance or economy, as no other method can. To sum up, there is but one way to put your housework on a business basis, and to achieve success as a home-making financier, and that way is to keep an account of every penny spent, and to study carefully the cost and worth of all you buy.





IN NEGLIGEE

[Continued from page 78]

"I never fail to dress my hair carefully, whether I am going to spend the morning in my room in negligee, or go walking down the avenue.

"I put on my hose as smoothly, and with as much care, for hair-brushing hour, as for the smartest dance."

"I dressed in a hurry, this morning," apologized Patty Ann, blushing red and tucking her toes beneath the hem of her kimono.

"And," continued Miss Pennington, "I wouldn't any more wear runover heels, or frayed or discolored slippers, in my bedroom than down to dinner."



CRÉPE NEGLIGEE WITH GOOD BACK LINES

"But I don't have all the slippers you have, Miss Pennington," put in Patty Ann.
"Patty, put out your toes!" Patty did so meekly.

"Those boudoir mules are the ones you got for Christmas. And why is it they have lost their prettiness? The satin toes are soiled from stubbing against rugs and floors. The pretty binding of ribbon roses which edges it has lost a rose or two and looks shabby. The heels are run over.

"A little chloroform rubbed on at the first hint of a spot or a soiled streak would have kept the slippers fresh. The shabby trimming could be replaced with perfectly new trimming, for a few cents. And any shoemaker could straighten your

"There's the big difference, Patty Ann, between your slippers and mine. When I

[Continued on page 84]



Twas only a little jar of cream, An unimportant thing 'twould seem. Though strange the story we now relate, It changed a life, and it changed a fate. With just a touch of the cream at night, Came a beauty dream with the morning light. And lo, a face so sweet and fair Arose to greet the morning air And she came to see, to know and feel That her beauty dream was truly real. And her halting lover, who hardly knew The state of his heart or what to do, Gave just one look and that very day He "popped" to her in the good old way. L. H. B.

WE thank L. H. B. of Columbus, Ohio, for this verse, and many pleasant previous letters sent us. So far as we know, L. H. B. holds the record for persuading people to try Pompeian NIGHT Cream.

It is such enthusiastic users that have apread the popularity of Pompeian NIGHT Cream from Maine to California.



We feel sure that you will like Pompeian NIGHT Cream so well that you will tell your friends as L. H. B. did. Your friends will appreciate your thoughtfulness.

Mary Pickford Art Panel

Exquisitely colored. Size 28 x 7½ inches. Art Store value 50c. Sent for only 10c, and with the panel you receive a sample of Pompeian NIGHT Cream. Please clip coupon.

A Velvety Skin

can be your proud possession in spite of March winds if you use the soothing, snow-white Pompeian NIGHT Cream faithfully. But you must be faithfull, a little every night in order to overcome the damage done daily to your skin by weather, worry and hard water.

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The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 9 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio Gentlemen: I enclose 10c for a 1917 Mary Pick-ford Art Panel and a sample of Pompeian NIGHT

Name	
Address	
City	State



Hair Pins

Keep Every Lock in Place

They can't slip out. Yet they're perfectly easy to take out. Smooth as satin and rust-proof. They never tangle or break or harm the hair. Dainty, flexible, lightweight—extra strong. The most economical because they're not lost.

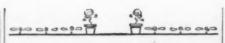
Invisible HUMP Hair Pins are simply splendid for "short ends," waves over forehead and ears and drooping strands in the

5c-10c Everywhere

Five Correct Sizes. For all modes and for every kind of hair. If your dealer hasn't all sizes, send us his name and 10c postage for our Complete Assortment Package. Write today.

HUMP HAIR PIN MFG. CO. Sol. H. Goldberg, Pres.,





IN NEGLIGEE

[Continued from page 83]

take mine off daily, I look at them with a critical eye, and clean off any soiled spot. The moment the trimming even hints at becoming frayed or shabby, off it comes and is replaced by something inexpensive but perfectly fresh. Look at my slippers -older, oh, much older than yours-but looking smart and dainty while yours are sloppy and careless. And as for not being able to have more than one pair of slippers-nonsense, my dear! You can buy slipper soles for fifty cents, and from scraps of silk left from that pink party gown of yours, shirr on some perfectly bewitching toes, adding a ribbon rosebud in place of a buckle."

Miss Pennington turned her attention to Amy.

AMY'S boudoir cap hasn't the shortcomings of your slippers, because it is perfectly clean-so what is the matter, do you think? Take it off, Amy, and let's put it beside mine

The boudoir cap was handed meekly

"One's just as pretty as the other, so far as I can see," commented Miss Pen-"I'm quite good to look at in nington. mine, and since Amy's a heap prettier than I am, why doesn't she look attractive

"Because-" began Amy, guiltily.

"Yes," said Miss Pennington - "because, if the truth must be told, she hasn't half dressed her hair-and she's used her cap to hide it, not to keep it neat, which is the real purpose of a boudoir cap. When hair-brushing hour is over, we'll watch Amy do her hair up properly, every little lock where it should be, and with the soft waves low on the forehead, which Amy needs. Then we'll put on the boudoir cap again, coaxing out a lock of hair here and there to make the shape of the cap becoming. And Amy will look like a different and most delightful person!

"The big thing I want you to remember is that the dainty woman makes as careful a toilet for herself as for the most exclusive gathering to which she could be invited; and that negligee will always look untidy and careless, unless your hair is perfectly dressed, unless you look fresh and clean and rosy from your morning tub, unless you have taken pains to be particular not only in what you put on but how you put it on. A kimono is a trying garment, but if you are careful not to have it long enough to trail, if you wear a sash with it, folded gracefully about you and tied in a big butterfly bow behind (never in front, as that marks a woman of low caste in Japan) and adopt Japanese slippers for bedroom wear, you can be quite attractive. If you want to be

[Concluded on page 85]











IN NEGLIGEE

[Continued from page 84]

consistently Japanese, fold the flap of the kimono toward the right. In Japan it is folded toward the left only when you are put in the coffin. Amy would look well in a kimono, because her hair is black and satiny. She should go without a boudoir cap, dressing her hair more or less à la Japanese, and so succeed in making herself picturesque.

"Or she could adopt a Chinese negligee-loose trousers and mandarin coat, with Chinese slippers. A friend of mine has such a negligee in pale yellow silk, embroidered with cherry blossoms; and

it's charming! "Patty Ann would look better in a negligee like mine-a princess slip of some pretty color, or white—sleeveless, and cut low all around, then over this a loose, halfor three-quarter-length garment, with angel sleeves. Such a negligee can be made of the simplest materials-cotton crepes, for instance-as well of the most gorgeous brocaded silks and sheer chiffon. With this Patty Ann should wear mules which have been kept in shape on slipper-trees when not in use, and which are fresh and sweet and dainty to look on. A boudoir cap would be just the thing with this, with a stray lock or two in evidence-but no unlovely strands of hair allowed to creep out at the back of the neck-and with the hair so coiled that the boudoir cap outlines no ugly bumps of hair, but adds a decorative touch to a shapely head.

"Now, I've talked a heap about making yourself attractive and picturesque and good to look upon in your negligee. But I hope you don't think that means you are to trail around the house in becoming kimonos and fetching satin mules. No, indeed! Negligee is for our own bedrooms and our own moments of rest."

"Well," said Patty Ann firmly, "nobody shall ever be able again to say I'm not I've reformed forever. And I think, besides, it's going to be great fun to 'make a toilet' just for one's self. I've always just loved dressing for a party, and I feel the same thrill about this."

Editor's Note.-Miss Beacon will send directions for making a pretty pair of boudoir slippers if you will send a stamped addressed envelope with your request.

OUR APRIL COVER

THIS month we are sending you a messenger with our latest Easter bonnets. We know you will give him a royal welcome and so we have prepared extra copies of him for framing (with McCall lettering left in), which you may have on receipt of your name, address, and a remittance of five cents.



How do they get their figures?

Frequently the answer is-

KABO CORSET

The Live Model Corset

Up to \$ 500

But not always; sometimes they go to a skilled and high priced corsetiere.

There isn't any question that art in corset manufacture has improved on nature in women's figures, but there's a secret in it that isn't generally known.

If you go to a fashionable corsetiere and pay \$25 for corsets made to order you are sure of results in style and figure, and you give the corsetiere credit for unusual skill. The fact is you made it possible by furnishing the living model for the fitting-yourself.

We give you the same advantage by our wonderful system of modeling on live models of every conceivable weight, height and figure your duplicate figure is among them—and instead of \$25 you pay up to \$5.

If you are interested in good coracts, you'll want our season's booklet. Mailed upon request.

Kabo Corset Company

San Francisco Chicago

GOODYEAR 1851"

Hard Rubber Combs

are unequalled for satisfaction and service

SMOOTH STRONG SANITARY

Look for the Trade Mark on Every Comb You Buy

When answering advertisements kindly mention McCALL'S MAGAZINE



No other corsets have had the endorsement of the women of the entire world, for so many years.

Their popularity is attested by the fact that more millions of them have been purchased during the past 60 years than of any other one make.

Models corresponding with spring dress designs, suited to every figure, are now being

Sold by leading dealers every-where-\$1.00 to \$5.00 GEO. C. BATCHELLER & CO.



DANGEROUS COUNTERFEITS

Are on the Market LADIES BEWARE!

Buy LABLACHE FACE POWDER of reliable dealers. Be sure and get the genuine. Women who know frankly say-"I have tried other face powders, but I use Lablache.

The Standard for over forty years. White, Pink, Cream. 50c. a box, of Druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c. for sample box.

BEN. LEVY CO., French Perfamers, Dept. E, 125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.





PROTECTING MUSIC SHEETS

By HARRIET HOUGHTON

HE idea of binding sheet music in manila paper folders was first given to me by a famous singer. Since then I have never waited for my music sheets to become soiled or crumpled, but have put them at once within a protecting cover. My tools have been a pair of scissors, a roll of antiseptic gauze, one-half inch wide, a bottle of glue, and manila paper folders which may be purchased for two cents apiece, at any music store,

If I am repairing old music sheets, I

first trim the worn edges. Then I bind onto the lefthand edge of the front cover page a strip of gauze the length of the sheet, leaving onehalf the width of the strip protruding over the edge



TRUDING FLAP

(Fig. 1). The music sheet is then fitted into the manila folder and the free edge of the gauze glued down to the right inside edge of the front manila cover (Fig. 2).

When this is done, a second strip, the same length as the first, is glued, in the



FIG. 2-INSIDE FRONT COVER SHOWING MUSIC SHEET

same way, onto the right edge of the back music sheet and the left edge of the back, inside manila cover. The finishing touch is the printing in of the title of the piece and the name of the composer in the upper left hand corner of the outside cover, where it can be easily read when placed on file. Since I began this practise, my music cabinet has always been tidy and the life of my music sheets just double what it used to be. As for the cabinet, I have made mine out of a pasteboard box with a drop cover, which I purchased at a music store for thirty-five cents. It lies flat on the piano, is inconspicuous, and contains as much music as I care to have on hand.



VERY wom-EVERY wom-Whether social, business or artistic she holds it better when aided by good looks. This is why so many depend, for skin-health and fairness, on



Ingram's Milkweed Cream 50c and \$1.00 at Drug

Preserves Good Complexions
—Improves Bad Complexions

t is used for skin disorders and sallowness, as rell as undue redness or sunburn. end us 6e in séamps to cover cost of packing and mailing, and get free our Guest Room Pack-ge containing Ingram's Face Powder and ouge in novel purse packets, and Milkweed ream, Zodenta Tooth Powder, and Perfume in neet Room sizes. Address

Guest Room sizes. Address
Frederick F. Ingram Company
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Windsor, Can. Stallished 1898
Ingram's Velocola Soucevaine Face Founder
is Fowdered Perfection for the Complexion. Four
shades plath, wille, Roch and brunette. Price,







Q,



SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN

[Continued from page 17]

She thought of little Gilbert. Was it not her duty to have him brought here, that his father might see him before he died? But as the thought came to her, she instantly hardened her heart to it. Little Gilbert at six had an active, inquiring mind. She had eliminated his father from his life; to bring him here now might have results reaching further than she could forsee.

Besides, she reflected with bitterness, Gilbert's father had been quite content to let his son go out of his life, three years before. She had stated her reasons; he had accepted them. That she had really forced them upon him, she did not pause to consider. Her duty, she felt, was greater to the living than to the dying.

As she arrived at this decision, something which she realized had been challenging her attention for some moments, suddenly gripped it. She reached across the table and picked it up-a tiny kid glove. Little Gilbert's! The glove his nurse had told her, only the day before, that he had lost. She remembered Homer's confusion. She wondered that she had not suspected then. The bitterness in her heart hardened into hatred for her husband. This was what he had stooped to. Conspiring with a nurse-girl to deceive and defraud her. Her mind raced on from conjecture to conclusion, from conclusion to conjecture; and she hardly noticed Dr. Evert's entrance.

"I think, Mrs. Foster, that there is a chance that your husband will pull through. I'm not absolutely sure yet, but he has a magnificent constitution, and that will turn the trick, if anything will."

Still clasping the little glove in her hand, she felt that the doctor had announced his news as a fact, rather than as good tidings. The doctor himself was conscious of his attitude and he watched, not without curiosity, its effect upon her. "Hard as nails," he commented, mentally, and added, "Heavens, these virtuous, injured women!"

He waited expectantly, but Mrs. Foster only bowed slightly. The anger in her heart flamed the fiercer. Her husband had cheated her, Homer had cheated her, little Gilbert (she faced the fact unflinchingly) had been taught to cheat her, and now Fate had entered in to cheat her! She had come to her husband because he was dying. And he had not died. She watched her husband's man let the specialist out of the door, and then beckoned to him.

"How many times has Mr. Gilbert's son been here?" she demanded.

"I'm sure I don't know," answered the latter, and he met her eyes squarely. "You will have to ask Mr. Gilbert."

[Continued on page 88]



Dress Well at a Small Expense This Catalog Tells You How

We'll Send You A Copy Free



select at your leisure in your own home whatever pleases you most. Send your order to us. We will fill it promptly and deliver it to your home with all express or postage paid. Write a postal today for your copy of this wonderful money saving catalog.

Back If You

Wish It

No. 141. From our splendid millinery offers we have selected this stylish high crown mushroom brim hat to give you an idea of the attractive styles our catalog displays. Crown is of fine quality hemp, brim of satin. Effectively trimmed with grosgrain ribbon bow in front and wreath of small roses, lilacs and foliage around edge of crown. All black, navy, dark brown, copenhagen or sand. Also combination of white and black or copenhagen \$1.79 and navy. Price

No. 142. This women's linene dress is representative of the wonderful bargains our catalog contains. Full blouse in vestee effect. Double breasted. Gored skirt. Tailor stitched pleat down front and novelty patch pockets. Gathered in back at waist line. Turn down collar, cuffs, vestee, belt and tabs on pockets trimmed with white cotton rep. Copenhagen blue or tan. \$1.15

No. 143. There never was a season when white shoes were so popular as now and we have never before been able to offer such an attractive line of footwear as is displayed in our catalog (send for a copy). The high cut shoe shown above is one of our new models. Made of white sea island canvas in lace style. Covered Louis heel. White finished sole. Snug fitting. Sizes 2½ to 8. D and E. Pair

ಕ್ಷಿಕ್ಕೆ Boston Store Chicago



BOUDOIR UPRIGHT

This attractive piano on Colonial lines is our newest and smallest. It has the delightful tone quality characteristic of the *Ivers & Pond*, with a remarkable volume—ample for the average home.

Every detail of design and workmanship is as finished as in our largest grand. And the price is pleasing.

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embody an experience of over half a century of building fine pianos. Over 400 American Educational Institutions and 60,000 homes use and endorse them. For our new catalogue with valuable information to buyers, simply sign and mail the coupon below.

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Wherever in the United States no dealer sells them we ship IVERS & POND pianos from the factory on approval. The piano must please or it returns at our expense for Railroad freights. Liberal allowance for old pianos in exchange. Attractive easy payment plans.

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IVERS & POND PIANO CO. 149 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Please mail me your new catalogue and valuable information to buyers.

Address_







SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN

[Continued from page 87]

The defiance, with its hint of contempt, and the realization of her own impotence, but added to her anger. In their married life, she had always been conscious of the fact that Gilbert's influence over the servants was infinitely greater than hers, and that their sympathy, mute, but none the less apparent, was always with him.

"Call a taxi," was all that she said, however. It made no difference; she would get the information from Homer. There would be no evasion there. She thought bitterly of how carefully she had selected a guardian for little Gilbert, passing over many applicants until she came to the one of her choice, Homer, an older, more capable, and better educated woman than the average applicant for work of that class. There, at least, she would deal summarily with any attempt at deceit or evasion. To her surprise, Homer met the issue squarely.

"I was old Mrs. Foster's maid," said Homer. "When young Mr. Gilbertlittle Gilbert's father, heard that you were looking for a nurse-girl, he sent for me and asked me if I wouldn't come to you and offer to be the nurse. I did so."

Then," said Mrs. Foster, "you took the care of my son, accepted my money, and taught him to deceive me."

"I took the care of Mr. Gilbert's son, and accepted the money which he pays you, and then gave Mr. Gilbert a chance to see his son. I made up my mind that it was only fair to Mr. Gilbert not to shut him off from his own flesh and blood. You don't know, Mrs. Foster, how crazy Mr. Gilbert is about him. The first time I brought little Gilbert to him he almost cried. But he scolded me and said I mustn't do it again. Mustn't!" Homer sniffed, "I don't see why not."

For the second time she had forced an encounter upon a servant and been worsted. But she had the facts. "Bring little Gilbert to me," she said,

"I shall get another maid for him."

The large, trustful eyes of little Gilbert smote her heart. She wondered that so small a child could have been prevailed upon to keep a secret so big. This little son upon whom she had sought to rebuild the structure of her life hadat six-learned to deceive her. She had believed she knew every thought in his mind; that here at least there was nothing withheld from her. She looked into the big, dark eyes-clear and as bright as the fabled wells of truth, and caught him to her with vehemence. No-the child was truth itself; the fault was not

his, but his father's.
"Tell mother about—father," she said

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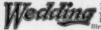


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SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN

[Continued from page 88]

The boy looked up at her, piteously puzzled. "Father told me not to." His clear, high pitched voice faltered a little.

"But you must do what mother wants," insisted the mother. Fear possessed her that this sturdy mite who was the very core of her heart and existence might turn upon her; that Fate yet reserved this last bitterness for her.

Instead, she saw his face clear. "Oh, yes," he said, quite happily. "Father said I must always mind mother and—" he added, sturdily, "take care of her."

Then, nestling comfortably in her lap, he prattled on; how he had seen the man Homer said was "Papa;" of how nice "Papa" was; how he, Gilbert loved "Papa." Fear again descended upon the mother's heart. She had lost a part of her son, irrevocably. He was no longer hers alone. The father she had denied had reached out and taken his share, without her knowledge or consent. She felt she must do something, go somewhere with him, to efface the memory of this new relationship.

"But why didn't you tell Mother?"

"Papa said I mustn't. I wanted him to come home here with me, to see you, but he said he couldn't. He said he had been naughty to you. He said I must be good to you and never let anybody hurt you any more. And he said I could come and see him, p'raps, but that I mustn't tell mother, because it would hurt her, and I must never hurt her. I like to go and see papa," added little Gilbert.

A sense of defeat and desolation took possession of her. Gilbert had put his mark on the boy. The wall she had built up between father and son had been shattered by a scheming maid. Little Gilbert had played with his father, talked with him, been influenced by him. What had that influence done? What indeed! Her mind reverted to her son's own description of his conversations with his father.

Gilbert had told the boy to be good to his mother, to take care of her. He had not complained, but had simply said that he had not been good to her. He—she could not but admit it—had been more generous than she, for, as the child had prattled on, it had seemed as if she must cry out and tell him that his father was bad, was wicked—anything to kill off that father's influence. Yet to say Gilbert was either would be a lie. Weak he had been according to her standards, and characterless, and selfish; but bad or wicked, never.

She clutched the child closer to her, but her mind—the logical, clear-thinking, clean-clipping mind that was a heritage from her father, pushed on. She had married Gilbert because she wanted him, not as a foolish, lovesick girl wants her lover,

[Continued on page 90]







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SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN

[Continued from page 89]

but as a strong woman sometimes does. She had known his weaknesses; she had counted the cost to herself. To herself? -her mind threw the question back to her-or to Gilbert? Who had paid?-Gilbert, to whom she had denied their son, or herself, to whom she had awarded him? "But I would give my life for him!" she argued, in desperate selfdefence. "His father all but made that sacrifice for some other woman's childmay yet," retorted her inward inquisitor.

But Gilbert had been the one at fault. He had been weak. Ah! But hadn't she known it? And had she been strong? Had she fought with him, against his weaknesses, borne with them, as is the part of strength, or had she deserted him, leaving him to fend for himself? She was facing the most pitiless of all judgesherself. She had taken Gilbert for better or worse. When worse came-the worse that she, knowing him better than he knew himself, had forseen-she had cast him aside.

But she had forgiven him, again and again! Yes, even seventy times seven. Forgiven? Or had she simply put the matter aside, holding it to Gilbert's discredit even as she told herself she forgave. Had she not, when steeling herself to the task of effecting a separation, recalled all these little things which she had forgiven. Had she not gone over them in her mind and totaled them up? She knew that she had; that but for the cumulative effect of these little lapses she would have faltered in her purpose. She was like an old aunt of hers, at whom her father scoffed because she "forgave, forgot, and always remembered." Seventy times seven? No-she had forgiven Gilbert seventy times naught!

Again Gilbert's face flashed before her, as she had seen it only a few hours before. It had been different. It was as if pain and suffering had proved the crucible in which was revealed an intrinsic though dormant strength. She remem-bered his two brief utterances: "Tell Gilbert's nurse to keep him out of the street," and "I have left my house in order." They struck a different keynote from that of the man she had known. Had known? She had never known Gilbert. Of little faith, she had denied from the first that time would work any essential change in him. Here again she had wronged him.

The telephone shrilled in the hall. She waited a moment, expecting that Homer would answer. Then she recalled that Homer had been dismissed. She put little Gilbert on his feet.

"Mrs. Foster?" queried an unknown voice. "Doctor Everts asked me to tell you that Mr. Foster is-"

[Concluded on page 91]



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SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN

[Continued from page 90]

There was a harsh grating in her ears and a multiplicity of sounds from which there came, after she had frantically jiggled the hook for several seconds, the calm, impersonal voice of Central.

"Number, please?"
"I was cut off," she said, breathlessly.
"Hang up and I will call you if you are wanted," Central answered.

She waited, every nerve tense. very inanimation of the instrument which, sphinx-like, withheld the vital word from her, maddened her. Was Gilbert dead? Had her clarity of vision come too late?

The door at the end of the hall opened. Homer, ready to leave, came toward her. "Homer," she said, holding out her

hand. "I wish you would stay."

The look in Homer's eyes was not that which a servant gives a mistress, but that which one woman sometimes gives another, during which a soul stands unmasked and unafraid, or grows self conscious and seeks frantically for covera long, searching glance in which Elizabeth's heart stood revealed, not only to her servant but to herself as well.

"B-b-bless you, I will," said Homer.

The telephone shrilled once more.

Elizabeth leaped to it and held the receiver to her ear with a trembling hand. "Yes, yes," she said.

"We were cut off," explained the voice, th unruffled suavity. "Doctor Everts with unruffled suavity. wished me to tell you that Mr. Foster is resting comfortably and is out of danger."

In her own room, to which she fled lest she weep on the radiant Homer's shoulder, Elizabeth flung herself on her bed. Her whole body shook, but not with sobs. The impulse to tears had passed as quickly as it had come. She lay there vibrating to a surging warmth, an almost girlish joyousness. The inner chambers of her heart, which she had locked and sealed, years ago, with the dusty memo-ries of her courtship, and the tarnished relics of her love inside, had suddenly opened outward and, lo, a miracle had been worked. The memories were bright, and clean, and the relics shone anew.

The clock struck the hour-eight insistent notes. She sprang to her feet and began to get ready for the street.

"I shall give him another chance," she said, happily. Then she stopped. mental inquisitor was at work again. Another chance for him? Humility enveloped her as a flame. No; never that again. She was sick of judgments and sitting in judgment. Who was she that she should give herself the right? There would be no more questioning, no more doubts of him-no more watching, except watching of herself.

"I shall give myself another chance," she said soberly, yet passionately.



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STARTING THE GARDEN RIGHT

By F. F. ROCKWELL

riched and carefully prepared soil is the foundation on which a successful garden must be built. Next comes skilful plant-

den will go wrong. no matter how thoroughly prepared it is, or how industrious the gardener may be.

The first step toward success is the preparation of the seed-bed-or surface inch or two of soil. While the seed remains in the packet, dormant, it will stand a good deal of knocking about and abuse; but the moment you put it into the soil, the spell is broken; and unless it finds conditions which are congenial, the vegetable or flower you expected to develop from it by the wizardry of gardening, will never materialize.

Moisture, warmth, and a covering which is not so deep or hard that it cannot be thrust aside are necessary for seed growth. Almost all flower seeds and most vegetable seeds should be covered very lightly. The top layer or surface of the soil, to the depth of an inch or so, dries out, however, very rapidly. The gardener's first problem in planting, therefore, is to provide a continuous supply of moisture for the seeds without covering them so deep that they will be hindered in coming up.

The first general rule to learn about seed sowing is always to plant on a freshly prepared seed surface. This will give the gardener the chance to bring fresh moist soil close up around the seeds, with the result that they will swell and germinate

or sprout as soon as possible. To make a good seed-bed, the surface of the soil should be raked over until it is as level and as finely pulverized as it is possible to get it. This should be done just before planting, even if the garden were raked level when it was spaded or plowed up in the spring. Most of the seed, even in small gardens, are planted nowadays with the inexpensive seed drill, which opens up a furrow, distributes the seeds

A LARGE percentage of the failures evenly, closes the furrow with the fresh, which develop in the garden throughout the season is due to mistakes the soil above the planted seed, and marks made at planting time. Thoroughly en- out the next row, all in one operation. One should be sure to let the surface of the freshly raked soil dry out for several hours before planting is attempted. Small ing. That must be done right or the gar- seeds, such as carrots, cauliflower, lettuce,

onions, radish. and turnips, should be sown quite thickly - eight to twelve to the inch. This is, of course much thicker than the plants can grow but some of them will fail to come up, and others will meet with accidents of various sorts, and in order to get the plants thick enough so that there will be no skips or bare places in the row, the seeds are purposely sown too thickly, and the plants thinned out, as soon as they are well started, to the distance required. The seeds just mentioned are covered from a

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EARLY APRIL GARDENING

quarter to a half inch deep. This is also the right depth for Brussels sprouts, cabbage, cauliflower, and celery, which are usually sown in rows in the same way as the above-but not so thick-thinned out to stand from three to four inches apart, and then transplanted as soon as they begin to crowd. Larger seeds, such as beans, peas, and sweet corn, are planted from one to two inches deep, while the vine vegetables, such as melons, cucumbers, squash, pumpkins, and citron, are planted from one-half to one inch deep.

SOME of the larger seeds, such as peas, beans, and corn, are often planted by hand. A drill or furrow two or three inches deep is opened up with a hoe. The seed should be dropped and covered at once while the soil is still moist. If the soil is at all dry, it should be pressed down firmly in the furrow with the back of the hoe so that every seed will be brought into close contact with the soil; and after it is covered, the top of the row should again be lightly firmed.

Extra deep or trench planting is sometimes used. A furrow or trench six inches

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STARTING THE GARDEN RIGHT

[Continued from page 92]

or so deep is opened up and the seed is planted in the bottom of this, and covered with an inch or two of soil. As the plants grow, more soil is put in and in this way the trench is gradually filled up level with the soil, although it is a good plan to make a slight elevation in order to drain off surplus water. The purpose of this planting is to get the roots far below the surface of the soil, where they will remain cool and moist during very hot weather. Sweet peas planted in the spring, and late plantings of garden peas, if set out in

putting several plants together, usually several feet apart each way. The hills are generally enriched before they are planted. Where the row is to be sown or planted by hand, it is often advisable to enrich it by opening up a furrow, sowing fertilizer or manure, either in a continuous line or at the points where the plants are to be set, and mixing it with the soil, before planting. Hills are usually enriched by digging out a space a foot and a half to two feet square-four inches or so deep, mixing fertilizer or manure with the this way, will be much better able to with- soil at the bottom, and then replacing the

PLANTING TABLE

VEGETABLE	WHEN TO PLANT	PLANT IN	ROWS APART	APART IN ROW	DEPTH TO COVE
Asparagus,	April-May	Trench	3 ft.	ı ft.	4 in.
Beets,	April-May	Drills	12-15 in.	3-4 in.	ı in.
Beets, late,	May-June 15	Drills	12-15 in.	3-4 in.	ı in.
Beans, early,	May-June 15	Drills	18 in.	3-4 in.	1-2 in.
Beans, wax,	May-June 15	Drills	15-24 in.	3-4 in.	1-2 in.
Beans, lima, dwarf,	May-June 15	Drilla	18-24 in.	4-6 in.	1-2 in.
Beans, pole,	May-June 15	Hills	4 ft.	4 ft.	1-2 in.
Cabbage (plants),	April-May	Rows	a ft.	1 1/2 ft.	
Cauliflower (plants),	April-May	Rows	a ft.	13/2 ft.	
Carrots,	April-May	Drills	ıs in.	2-3 ft.	1/2 in.
Corn,	May-June	Drills	3-4 ft.	3 ft.	a in.
Celery,	April-May	Trench	12 in.	a-3 in.	36-1/2 in.
Cucumbers,	May-June	Hills	a ft.	a ft.	r in.
Eggplant (plants),	May-June	Rows	-21/2 ft.	a ft.	
Endive,	April-May	Rows	1s in.	12 in.	1/2 in.
Kohlrabi,	April-May	Drills	18 in.	6-8 in.	1/4 in.
Lettuce,	April-May	Drilla	12-15 in.	8-12 in.	3/2 in.
Melons, Musk,	April-May	Drills	12-15 in.	2-3 in.	1/4 in.
Onion,	May-June	Hills	4-6 ft.	4-6 ft.	1/2-1 in.
Parsley,	April-May	Drills	ı ft.	4-6 in.	34-1/2 in.
Parsnip,	April-May	Drills -	15-18 in.	3-5 in.	1/2-1 in.
Peas, smooth,	April-May	Drills	3 ft.	2-4 in.	1-2 in.
Peas, wrinkled,	April-May	Drills	3-4 ft.	2-4 in.	3-4 in.
Peas, late,	May-June	Drills	3-4 ft.	2-3 in.	3-4 in.
Peppers (plants),	May-June	Rows	21/2ft.	15-18 in.	
Potato,	April-May	Rows	28 in.	13 in.	3-4 in.
Pumpkin,	May-June	Hills	6-8 ft.	6-8 ft.	1/2 in.
Radish,	April-May	Drills	ı ft. 3 in.	2-3 in.	1/2 in.
Salsify,	April-May	Drills	15-18 in.	2-4 in.	1-2 in.
Squash,	May-June	Hills	4-6 ft.	3-6 ft.	ı in.
Swiss Chard,	April-May	Drills	15-18 in.	8-12 in.	1/2 in.
Tomato (plants),	May-June	Hills	3-4 ft.	2-3-4 ft.	
Turnip,	April-May	Drills	15-18 in.	4-6 in.	1/2 in.

stand the dry weather of June and July. Celery plants may be set out in narrow trenches several inches deep, the gradual filling in of the soil helping to hold them upright as they grow.

In the accompanying table you will notice that the various vegetables are to be planted in drills, rows, or hills. As there is generally confusion in regard to the meaning of these terms—a few words of explanation will help to make the matter more clear.

Planting in drills means the sowing of seeds in a continuous line, so that the plants will come up quite close together: the plants are thinned out after they are well started to prevent overcrowding.

Planting in rows means sowing the seeds at equal distances, usually far enough apart to allow cultivating the plants in rows. Placing in hills means

soil which had been removed. This special preparation is especially recommended for the vine crops, as they are planted late, and are much more likely to survive the attacks of insects if they are able to make a robust rapid growth from the very be-

THE common vegetables in the garden, such as cabbage, cauliflower, lettuce, extra early beets, tomatoes, peppers and eggplant, should be set out as partly grown plants, obtained from the seedsman or started in the cold frame or seed border. Thorough preparation and fining of the soil is just as essential for success in transplanting plants as for sowing seeds. In transplanting, no matter how carefully the work is done, the roots are more or less displaced and broken up, and a large

[Concluded on page 94]



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With That New Frock YOU WILL NEED ELATONE

LONG AS FASHION DECREES sleeveless owns and sheer fabrics for sleeves, the woman efinement requires Delatons for the removal of from the under-arm, latone is an old and well known scientific preparation for quick, eafe and certain removal of hairy growths, no auty specialists recommend Delatons for removal of hair face, peck or arms. After application, the skin is clear, and hairiese-as smooth as a baby's.

THE SHEFFIELD PHARMACAL CO. 339 So. Wabash Ave., Dept. C Z., Chicago, Ill.

00000000

STARTING THE GARDEN RIGHT

[Continued from page 93]

percentage of them is lost altogether. Before they can continue their work of absorbing moisture from the soil and of sending it up to the leaves above, where most of it is rapidly evaporated, they must produce new feeding rootlets or root hairs. This takes several days, even under favorable conditions. For this reason, it is desirable to cut back the tops of the plant from one-half to a third just before transplanting. Otherwise, the roots cannot supply moisture to the leaves as fast as it is needed and the result is that the whole plant wilts. In trimming back the plant, cut the large outside leaves, being careful not to injure the new ones that are just developing. The soil in which the plants just set out are growing, whether in cold frames, pots, or flats, should be moist, but not wet, when they are transplanted. Water thoroughly twenty-four hours or so before you expect to transplant

The rows or hills having been prepared in advance, and the plants made ready, the work of transferring them to the soil should be done as quickly as possible, and preferably on a cloudy or drizzly day, or

late in the afternoon.

Plants growing in flats should be cut out with an old knife or a transplanting fork. In digging them up from the frames, or in the garden, lift them carefully with the trowel so as to get a good ball of roots. Only a few should be handled at a time, so that there will be the least possible danger of their drying out or wilting before they are put into the ground. It is of the greatest importance in transplanting to get the soil firm about the roots. Set the plant in deep so that there is not much stem above the ground, and firm the earth around it as much as you can with the fingers. There is no danger of getting it too firm. Except in wet weather or in very heavy soil, it is a good plan to go back over the row, after planting, and press the soil down with your feet.

A mistake that is often made is to water newly set out plants on the surface of the soil. If the weather and the soil are so dry that water must be used, put it in the bottom of the hole below the roots, before you put in the plant. If you have to water after that to keep the plant from wilting, you can make a hole beside each plant with the end of the hoe handle, and pour in the water, letting it soak away gradually.

These same principles of planting ap-ply to all vegetables and flowers. Many flower seeds are so small that it is a mistake to attempt to cover them at all, as they will come up better if they are merely raked lightly into the soil and tamped or pressed down firmly with the back of a hoe or a block of wood.

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OUR FIRST WOMAN CONGRESSMAN

[Continued from page 14]

Her father, who was born in Canada of Scotch parents, came to Montana in 1869, whence he had been attracted by tales of rich grazing lands. Without wasting any time, a predominant trait, he set to work clearing away the brush and putting up rude buildings to serve as ranch houses, in a wild spot lost amidst the passes of the Bitter Root Range.

Because of his straight dealing, and also the helping hand he extended to so many, he grew to be one of the best known and best liked men in that part of the country. Men came long distances to ask his advice in cattle deals, and always abided by his decision. He became general arbiter of quarrels and disputes between the pioneers. All the while, his ranch extended and developed. Later, as the country progressed and more people settled there, he opened a bank which prospered from the start.

Miss Rankin is a true daughter of his. With the course of his life clearly in mind, much becomes patent in hers. She has inherited his bold yet careful, shrewd but adventuresome, and fear-

lessly honest disposition.

Her first work, after her graduation from the University of Montana, was an assistantship in the department of economics at the University. She grew weary of an academic existence after a few years, however, and went to Seattle to become the official home-finder for that

city's hapless waifs.

It was while engaged in this work that she "found herself" and determined to devote the remainder of her life to

devote the remainder of her life to eradicating conditions which brought in their train such pitiful results as she saw in her work with destitute women and starving children. The inherent meaning and significance of woman suffrage, which at college she admired as a political theory, now became apparent to her. The dire misery she daily witnessed convinced her that such conditions, to a great extent, were the result of legislation which failed to consider women and children as a part of the body politic, or to appreciate the justness of their appeals for assistance from the oppression of bigoted laws and antiquated enactments, at one extreme, and the total lack of legal protection at the other.

Thus, Miss Rankin and woman suffrage became inseparably wedded, and with each succeeding day she grew to be a more ardent advocate of it, throwing herself, heart and soul, into active campaign work.

At that time, none of the states of the West had as yet granted women the vote. She fought valiantly for suffrage amendments in both Washington and California,

[Continued on page o6]

Have Clean Teeth For One Week—Then Decide

By Wm. M. Ruthrauff, A. B., A. M.

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities



This is to prove to you that teeth can be kept clean and white, free from tartar, safe and sound.

Your teeth are not so kept, you know. They discolor, and sometimes decay. Tartar forms around them. They require periodic dental cleaning. So you know there is something lacking.

The trouble is a film—that slimy film which you feel with your tongue.

It gets into crevices and clings.

That film absorbs stains, so teeth discolor. It hardens into tartar. It holds food particles until they ferment and form acid. It holds that acid to the teeth, destroying the enamel. And it forms the breeding place for germs that lead to pyorrhea.

So all teeth cleaning fails its purpose when it leaves that film.

Now a way has been found to combat it. The film is largely albumin, which pepsin dissolves and digests.

Pepsin alone can't do it. There must be an activating agent. And the usual agent—which is acid—is harmful to the teeth. So pepsin, until lately, has been helpless.

Now a harmless agent has been found to activate the pepsin. Five governments already, by granting patents, have certified this fact.

PEPSODENT—the new-day dentifrice—employs this combination. It has been proved for three years now in clinical tests.

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We will send you a One-Week Tube. Use it like any dentifrice, and note the unique results.

Learn how clean your teeth feel as after a dental cleaning. Note the absence of slimy film. Some effects appear at once, but some will take two or three days.

You will know that your teeth are really clean. That stain and decay can be always prevented. After that you will never return to any halfway method.

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(16)









She is the woman who found her furniture losing its beauty - the costly finish growing dark, soft, sticky, greasy, catching dust and soiling clothing. She had used an oil polish-but when she tried

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What a transformation! All those ill effects were overcome - and the original charm, that she thought was gone forever, was restored to furniture, piano and woodwork.

She saved the cost of refinishing and found the economical way to keep her furniture like new for years to come. Do you know this woman?

Note: She recently obtained one of the 25c L-V Dust Cloths, free, that dealers are giving away on Fridays with the purchase of a 50c bottle of Liquid Veneer. Get yours next Friday!

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is free and is illustrated with photographs of myself. It explains my system, which requires neither Drugs nor Apparatus of any kind, and it gives full particulars of my Guaranteed Trial Plan whereby you can test the value of my system without risking a single penny. Won't you give me the opportunity of helping you?

Send two cent stamp for "The Body Beautiful" and trial plan today.

ANNETTE KELLERMANN 12 W. 31st St., N. Y. Suite 211M



OUR FIRST WOMAN CONGRESSMAN

[Continued from page 95]

and her method of reaching people during these contests was characteristic. stead of lobbying, or seeking exclusive audiences in polite society, she went down into the mines and traveled from farm to farm to argue personally with ordinary, every-day men, the ones who, in her opinion, hold the balance of political power.

Later, she came to New York, where her fame had preceded her, and acted as suffrage organizer in the Borough of Manhattan.

Very soon her untiring energy and fruitful endeavors attracted the attention of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, and she was appointed Field Secretary to that body, a very important position. In this capacity, she entered and took a leading part in the cam-paigns for equal rights for women in Ohio, North Dakota, Delaware, Florida, and Michigan.

An anecdote exemplary of Miss Rankin's grit and originality, is told by the wags in Missoula. Some years ago, her father was trying to rent one of his houses. A prospective customer was found who would take the place providing the sidewalk, in need of repairs, was fixed within a specified time.

Being informed by several carpenters that they were too busy to lay a new walk, Miss Rankin, without further loss of time, bought the necessary lumber, secured a hammer and saw, and laid a new pavement herself, finishing the job in time to rent the house.

Shortly after the campaign for woman suffrage was opened in Montana, she resigned her position with the national suffrage association, and hurrying back to her home state, allied herself with the cause there. This was in 1912. At that time, woman suffrage was almost a dead issue in the State. After a wild and futile flurry in the eighties, interest in it had slowly flickered out until, in 1910, it evoked little, if any, attention.

This, in brief, was the situation when she arrived at Helena, Montana. But, undaunted, she formed a suffrage organization, with the assistance of a Miss Auerbach, and became its first president. She toured the State many times, visiting every city, village and hamlet, even making a house-to-house canvass, wherever possible. Becoming thus personally acquainted with thousands of people, she caused many of them, for the first time, to regard a woman as capable of political thought and action.

The organization she fostered was remarkable for its flexibility and efficiency, and is no mean commentary upon her skill and ability. It had no constitution and

[Concluded on page 97]

Your Question

-May be Answered Here-

How to Make Sure of Getting May and June McCALL'S

If your subscription expires with this issue (April) or the next issue (May), the big Annual Baby Number, send in your renewal right away. Mark "Renewal" and say when to begin. McCALF's sells out earlier than most magazines. Order now and still get the benefit of the old price. See page 7, also find coupon on page 108 for your convenience. This is Your LAST CHANCE! This is Your LAST CHANCE!

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McCALL'S MAGAZINE

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OUR FIRST WOMAN CONGRESSMAN

[Continued from page 96]

no dues, offering no opportunity for quibbles and quarrels. In each county and every precinct, she appointed one or more women leaders with whom she made it a matter of personal honor for them to live up to their responsibilities.

For three years she devoted herself, day and night, to this work; but she was amply rewarded at the end of that time, when the men of Montana gave women the right to vote. It is everywhere conceded now that to her, more than to anyone else, is due the major portion of the credit for that victory.

Then, to cap the climax of her long, hard struggle in behalf of the cause she had so fervently espoused, she was nominated for Congress in the Montana primaries, by an overwhelming vote. When she appeared before the State Republican Convention, the members seemed instinctively to feel that her candidacy was the result of a logical demand, and they supported her, from the start, in a remarkable and inspiring way.

Again and again she traversed the State from end to end, addressing audiences in cities, on ranches, in cattle pens, and at mountain lodges. In each case, she made a sincere, earnest, personal appeal, not for herself, but for the inarticulate thousands of women and children she claimed to represent.

And now that she has secured the honor she worked for, she is getting into shape her ammunition for some of the legislation she hopes to help push through the House. An eight-hour law for women workers, an enactment providing that women receive the same wages as men for equal amounts of work, a further extension of the present child labor rulings, a mother's pension law, and a provision for universal education, are among her first objects of attack.

A FEATHER PILLOW SOLUTION

By A CONTRIBUTOR

WHENEVER you wish to transfer feathers from one pillow-tick to another, take your electric vacuum-cleaner, remove the dust-bag, and tie your empty tick in its place. Then rip just enough of an opening in the end of the tick containing the feathers to allow it to slip over the suction end of the cleaner, first removing the sweeper-brush, if it contains one, and tie this tick tightly around the opening. Turn on the current and the cleaner will draw the feathers into the empty tick without spilling. Tie the ticks very tightly over the openings, so that the air pressure will not force them off.

Have You Seen This New Electric Sewing Machine?



It can be put away

You can carry it in one hand.

on the closet shelf when not in use.

Motor and machine are one unit.

Costs \$35

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You can use it on the porch

Western Electric Portable Sewing Machine

Think of it! A machine that you can carry upstairs, downstairs, out on the porch—and use wherever there is an electric light socket.

A light pressure of the foot on the control pedal starts the motor, stops it, or gives you just the speed you need. The cost of current is less than one-half cent an hour. Complete machine is guaranteed for ten years.

If your lighting company, electrical dealer or department store cannot show you this wonderful machine, send coupon to nearest office. WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

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Bring Out the Hidden Beauty
Beneath the soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon. Mercolized Wax gradually, gently absorbs the devitalized surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath.
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Gentlemen:

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Bipms: Finest quality Taffets suit in Navy or Hinck. Latest Spring model made to your measure. Give bust, waist, hip, and front length of skirt mossure/perial, all sizes, postpaid . \$19.98

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Lack Pretty Feet Then Style Fails

Every lady knows that pretty feet are necessary to make a suc-cess of any attire, no matter how elaborate or costly.

Pretty feet are impossible unless they are healthy, firm and free from tenderness, corns, callouses, etc.

Neat fitting shoes cannot be worn on feet which frequently puff and at times swell to larger than normal size, resulting in a burning, aching and painful condition which often produces serious nervousness and irritability.

The most used and most neglected members of the body are the feet, which should receive even greater attention than the face and hands.

the face and hands.

The feet can be easily kept in a healthy condition free from tenderness and swelling by the occasional use of a hot foot bath to which a small quantity of Calocide has been added. Calocide acts through the pores and promotes normal flesh tissue, free from congestion, swelling and soreness. In addition Calocide gives quick relief for corns, callouses, sore bunions and perspiring feet. In fact, the first trial of Calocide demonstrates its remarkable value. Each package contains several Medco Corn Plasters for removing stubborn corns.

As a matter of health and beauty no one can afford to neglect the care of their feet,

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THE MOVIE MARATHON

[Continued from page 24]

director tells the employment agent that he wants a person of a certain description, and the agent goes among the applicants in the "pen" and chooses the girl he thinks will do.

When the employer has culled her from the throng, and takes her inside the sacred gate, it does not mean that the position is hers-he may have chosen half a dozen others for the same insignificant rôle. If this is so, then she, with the competing six, appears before the director's assistant. She has not yet seen the director. The assistant looks them over appraisingly, and sends all back, say, with the exception of herself and one other girl. The other five go out bravely with an attempt at a springy step, but the girl knows well how disheartened they are.

She has a weary wait until the director himself comes on the scene. He fires a volley of questions at her, then suddenly, rudely, he turns his back, and begins talking with the other girl. Very soon, she, herself, goes back to the yard with a sorry attempt at nonchalance.

Every day, she has to come and wait the weary morning through, until the director has chosen all the extra help he needs. She does not dare miss a morning, for that would probably be her opportunity. And all this time, while she is waiting, she must, of course, live, and eat!

The girl applying for a place on the screen has only one man to convince of her ability-the director-but she can not get to him. He reigns supreme and is unapproachable. She must deal with the employment agent. In fact, she would be dismissed from the grounds immediately if she so much as attempted to speak to the director without awaiting her chance. There is a notice posted in the waitingroom to the effect that if employment is spoken of to any one except the agent, the guilty party will be summarily turned out. Her future depends upon the di-rector—and yet she may not even speak to him.

When, finally, a girl does happen to get a small place, it may not consist of anything more important than a walking part, or one that requires her simply to listen at a keyhole. As soon as she is selected, she is shown into the costumeroom where she must make up-she brings her own cosmetics, of course-and receives her clothes. A careful record is kept of each piece, and every garment has to be checked back when it is returned -in sort of prison fashion. Moreover, before her turn comes to perform even the most minor parts, she may often have to wait around all day with her make-up on. And for this she receives the huge sum of a dollar a day-when she works!

[Concluded on page 00]

McCALL'S BIG ANNUAL ROSE-BUSH OFFER



FOR EVERY LOVER OF

10 Ten Hardy Everblooming 10 Year - Old Rose Bushes 10 =GIVEN=

To anyone who sends only two NEW yearly McCALL'S MAGAZINE subscriptions at 50 cents each (75c Canada) before March 31, 1917. Manhattan and Brons subscrip-tions do not count.

31, 1917. Manhattan and Bronz subscriptions do not count.

These desirable hardy everbloomers are favorites among garden roses. They combine continuous blooming qualities, sturdy attength, beauty of form, purity of color with delicious fragrance.

Strong, well rooted one-year old plants, they thrive in any good garden soil; and, if given ordinary care, will all bloom this season, except the climbing variety.

The quality of a rose bush cannot be judged by the height. Do not expect bushes two or three feet tall, as plants of that size in varieties we name would cost from \$1.50 to \$2.00 each.

We guarantee these Rose Bushes to reach you healthy growing condition. Our growers deliver them at proper time to plant in your garden. Roses should never be set out in open ground before all danger of hard freeze is past. Each set contains directions on planting and culture of roses, to insure your success.

WHEN TO PLANT ROSES

Weather condit Weather conditions may change these dates in your locality
Latitude of Aris., Okla., So. Car. and
south
Latitude of Tenn., Va. and No. Car., Mar. 1 to Mar. 15
Latitude of Nev., Kans., and Mo. Apr. 1 to Apr. 15
Latitude of Iowa, Ohio and W. Va. Apr. 15 to May 1
Latitude of Mont., Minn., Mich., N. Y.
and all New England States... May 1 to May 15

DESCRIPTION OF THE TEN ROSE BUSHES

I.—Robia Hood. Plowers full, double, perfectly tolded; glorious row-scarlet.

2.—Maidea's Blush. Indispensible for decorative urposes, popular for its won-frous beauty. Handsomeouble flowers, delicate blending of rose tints, shading to creamy white.

3.—White Maman Cachet. One of the finest snow-hite roses. Magnificent pure white double flowers, exulsife fragrance.

white roses. Magnificent pure white double nowers, va-quisite fragrance.

4.—Milady. Perfection in the garden. Full double flowers, rich scarlet-crimson. Resembles fanous ocid General Jack, so much admired.

5.—Molody. Double flowers, immense size, lovely soft yellow, despening to apricet in center.

6.—Red Dorethy Perklas. Latest of the popular Rambler Roses. Blooms in great clusters, an intense scarlet-crimson.

7.—Bessie Brown. Full, deep, double flowers, beauty unsurpassed. Large shell-shaped petals of creamy white, flushed nink.

ished pink.

8.—La France. One of the hardiest, most beautiful di fragrant pink roses. Extra large double flowers, extistie silvery rose, with satiny sheet.

9.—Rhea Reid. Handsome double flowers, vivid acar-

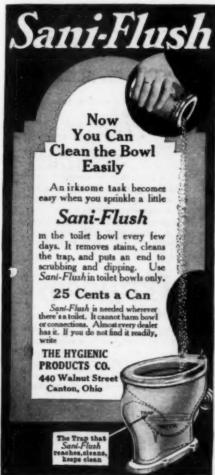
let crimson.

10.—Wm. Shean. A queen of roses. Immense in size.
lovely in form; a pink so vivid as to fairly startle with
its brilliancy.

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send 75 cents for each yearly McCALL subscription (\$1.00 Canada and \$1.50 Foreign). All orders to count toward this big Rose-Bush Offer must be sent direct to

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S. P. BURNS., 14 W. 37th St., New York Freckles and TanRemoved FRE







THE MOVIE MARATHON

[Continued from page 98]

Even after the aspiring actress has had an appearance or two in pictures, and the director has come to know her, or she may even have become one of the envied "extras," it does not mean that she will get on regularly. An "extra" person is a step higher up than the people in the "pen;" she has a dressing-room, even if she has to share it with three or four other girls, and every morning she must report and be on hand all day whether she works or not. If the director orders her to put on her make-up, however, any time during the day, she is sure of being paid despite the fact that she may not be called on to act her part.

If her work is good and the director likes her, she becomes a regular "extra," is assigned a dressing-room, and is put on a regular salary. This amounts to about twenty dollars a week at the most. If she is especially good, and can do a line of work that fits in with the kind of plays put on by that particular company, she will be advanced to special "stock," with something like a twenty-five-dollar-a-

week salary.

Of course, if a young woman proves to have unusual talent-rather, if she is exceptional-she is put under contract and given a big salary. Needless to say, however, such success is little short of phenomenal, and few-not excepting even some of your favorite movie heroinesreach the contract stage.

THE EASTER BONNET

[Continued from page 28]

straw headgear. This time there is an additional touch of satin, however, since not only the facing and the trimming are of this material, but the crown also. Gray is the leading tone in this creation, with only the drape in rose color, but the scheme could just as effectively be reversed, or any of a large number of other excellent combinations chosen, successfully, for a hat of this kind.

Decking the head is a versatile art this season, since hats of all sizes and shapes -large and small, flabby and stiff, with angles and without-are acceptable, and the modes of trimming, with only a few limitations, spell legion.

Editor's Note .- Mrs. Tobey will be pleased to send you directions for making the trimmings on all four of the models illustrated, and directions for making the whole hat, Fig. 4. She will also be ready, as usual, to help you solve your special millinery problems, if you will send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request.







To introduce our

To introduce our ware to you we will send this beautiful child's cup, postpaid, on receipt of 25 cents.



CONSERVING ENERGY

By ANNE G. MAHON

AM simply exhausted. I must sit down and rest," said the weary housewife.

She dropped into a chair and sat nervously tapping her foot on the floor, drumming her fingers on the arms of her chair, tense and alert, using up needless energy by the very way she sat in the chair.

"But you are not resting, you know,"

laughed her friend.

The busy one looked at her in surprise. "Look at your foot and your hand! You are using up a whole lot of energy which you might save for doing your necessary work."

The foot and the fingers stopped, but the tense, anxious look still remained on the face. In a few moments, unconsciously, the busy one began twisting her rings, nervously slipping them on and off her fingers.

"You are doing it again," laughed the friend. "Don't you know that every movement one makes uses up some energy? If you keep spilling energy out on these useless little things, how will you have any left for the big ones? Haven't you learned how to rest?"

"Oh, yes, I have. I used to be an expert at relaxing exercises in our physical culture class, at school, but, somehow, I do these things without thinking."

"I know how it is," sympathized the friend. "I had a habit of humming. I believe in humming and singing about one's work-it's a cheerful noise-but it took me some time to realize that even humming meant extra effort, and when I was very tired, or when I wanted to save all my energy for some strenuous bit of work before me, I found that I had to stop it. With most of us there is a tendency to use up energy by unnecessary movement, when we should be resting. As a result, we are apt to get into the habit of fidgeting all the time. We lose our self control and our poise, which women especially need to cultivate, and in which we American women are said to be woefully lacking.

"Another way in which so many women waste their energy is by working more than one set of muscles at a time. see a woman work with her hands and, at the same time, purse up her lips and contract her forehead, all the muscles of her face tense and working. It conserves so much energy if one works only with the muscles absolutely needed and allows

all others to rest."
"I know," agreed the housewife. "I am going to sit still now for ten minutes and relax-then to work again."

"You will feel ten times more like working than if you had expended a lot of energy in useless effort-even in talking-which means I'm going!"

That Helps Millions

This is what countless folks are doing to keep fit.

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APRIL DISHES

[Continued from page 58]

In France, they have a pretty and appetizing fashion of serving young cabbage. To prepare it for serving in this way, strip off the outer leaves, set the head in a bowl, and pour over it boiling water, so that the inner leaves will open without breaking. Take out the crown of leaves at the heart, and stuff the space with a mixture of cooked veal chopped very fine, to which is added some finely minced salt pork, some mashed potatoes, a teaspoonful of grated onion, a raw egg to bind it all, a saltspoonful of salt, pepper, and a pinch of thyme. Fill the cabbage at the heart with this, then fold the leaves over it, tie the cabbage in shape, place in a cheese-cloth bag, which should be tightly tied about it, and boil for an hour. Remove the cheese-cloth boiling-cloth, and set the cabbage carefully in a shallow dish. Pour about it a white sauce, made by rubbing a tablespoonful of butter with an equal quantity of flour, putting the mixture into a saucepan over the fire, and adding gradually a cupful of cold milk. Stir constantly, and when it all comes to the boil, add a saltspoonful of salt and pepper.

The cabbage should be cut through with a sharp, hot knife, and the slices served unbroken, or separated with a broad silver or pie knife. This is often served as a distinct course with hot toasted crackers, dusted with cheese and paprika. It is delicious as a luncheon dish. This white sauce may be made the basis for many other sauces. It is used with asparagus, and with boiled potatoes. With chopped hard-boiled eggs in it, it is served with boiled fish and is delicious for this purpose.

WHEN preparing asparagus, cook a little more than is needed for dinner on one day, and put it away in the ice-chest to use as salad for luncheon or dinner the next day. It is extremely delicious with either lettuce or cresses as a bed for it, and should be served with a French dressing, not a mayonnaise. The French dressing may be made with one tablespoonful of the vinegar to three of oil, beaten well To this mixture, add a saltspoonful of salt, a pinch of cayenne pepper-very little-and a liberal dash of paprika. While the dressing is on the ice for an hour or two-place in it a clove of garlic. This should be removed before serving. Always use the best Italian oil. It is more delicate than the French. And always keep the dressing ice-cold until it is to be used.

In Holland, they serve asparagus in long, narrow, individual dishes made expressly for it. These have depressions at each end, into one of which is put melted butter, and into the other powdered mace or nutmeg.



"Pour it out of the Safety Bag," Dorothy says. "Put hot water on it," says Nan. "Won't mamma be s'prised?" Bobbie says.

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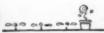
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THE NAMELESS MAN

[Continued from page 23]

"True, I did," replied McLane, and imperceptibly his hand moved the shade of the drop-light until Barclay's face was no longer in shadow. "Are you the Julian Barclay whose deposition was read at the inquest,"

"I am."

"And your reasons for questioning me, Mr. Barclay?"

"I am desirous of helping trace the murderer." The surgeon's question had brought a touch of color to his white face. "I want to help trap Yoshida Ito."

"Ah, then you know him to be guilty?"
"No, only believe him to be guilty,"
corrected Barclay quickly. "And all evidence, it seems to me, points to him—"

"Except a possible motive," supplemented McLane. "Men do not murder each other, Mr. Barclay, without a motive."

"There is always the alternative of suicide," remarked Barclay. "But, of course, in the case of the murder of your cousin, Dwight Tilghman, that theory can be dispensed with."

"Your reasons for that assertion?" Barclay drew back farther in his chair,

and the movement again brought his face in shadow. "If Dwight Tilghman had committed suicide, the receptacle out of which he drank the poison would have been found near him."

"Then you contend that the absence of such a receptacle indicates the presence of another person in the smoking-car at the time Tilghman swallowed the poison?"

"I do. Dr. Shively has proved that it would have been physically impossible for Tilghman to dispose of the cup or glass, after he had swallowed the poison. Therefore another person must have been in the car, contrary to the porter's testimony, and"—his voice deepening—"the fact that such a person does not come forward frankly, as he would do if innocent, presupposes his guilt."

McLane nodded his head. "I entirely agree with your reasoning," he said gravely. "I asked simply to see if your view would confirm mine. Dwight Tilghman was undoubtedly murdered while sitting in the smoking-car during the stop at the station in Atlanta, Georgia. The autopsy proved that a dose of oxalic acid had been administered in brandy; no other cause of death could be ascertained, as Tilghman was physically well, and there was no indication of violence."

"But"—Barclay hesitated and spoke more slowly—"oxalic acid has a forbidding, sour taste, and for that reason is seldom used by would-be murderers, the victim being too quick to detect the acid taste. If not taken accidentally, or with suicidal intent, Tilghman must have detected the taste of the poison in the brandy."

[Continued on page 103]







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THE NAMELESS MAN

[Continued from page 102]

"True." McLane leaned one elbow on his desk as he bent nearer his companion. "I have already stated that Tilghman was physically sound, but from birth he was deficient in one particular-he had no sense of taste."

"Upon my word!" Barclay drew in his breath sharply, and stared at McLane in

astonishment.

Tilghman had no motive to commit suicide," continued McLane. "I find I was made executor of his will, and his affairs appear to be in excellent shape. While not wealthy, Tilghman had several thousand dollars in the bank, besides owning much unincumbered improved property. He was not married, and I never heard of his having a love affair, or a quarrel with anyone.

"And yet he died mysteriously," mut-tered Barclay. "Eliminating the theory of suicide, and considering the case as a

murder, pure and simple-

"It's far from simple," corrected Mc-Lane sharply. "Here we have a man seated in an empty smoking-car poisoned by some unknown person, and the murder not discovered until five or six hours later-no trace of the receptacle in which the poison was administered, and the passengers on the train now scattered to the four winds."

"If the police succeed in finding Yoshida Ito, they need look for no other passenger," said Barclay grimly.

"You think so?" and the glance Mc-Lane shot at his companion was keen.

"Yes." Barclay leaned forward in his earnestness. "The Japanese on entering the smoking-car was attacked by Tilghman, that I'll swear to-"

"You mentioned it in your deposition,"

put in McLane.
"Quite so," composedly. "After the brief scuffle, during which the Japanese used jui-jutsu and which, but for the interference of Dr. Shively and Professor Norcross, might have had fatal results for Tilghman, the latter, on recovering his breath, offered the Japanese an insult which he was not likely to forgive. The Japanese mind works quickly, and with them to plan is to accomplish.

"It was a subtle brain that planned Tilghman's murder," agreed McLane, "but there are some points about Ito's conduct which to me contradict the evi-

dence."

"A verdict of guilty was brought against him by the coroner's inquest, was

it not?" asked Barclay coldly,
"Yes." McLane opened a desk drawer and took from it several papers and newspaper clippings, and consulted one of them as he continued. "The coroner, in summing up, asked: 'On the evidence, are you

[Continued on page 104]

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THE NAMELESS MAN

[Continued from page 103]

satisfied beyond reasonable doubt that at noon on the day in question the Japanese, Yoshida Ito, was in company with the deceased? Apparently," added McLane, before Barclay could interrupt, "the jury was satisfied that Ito was in Tilghman's company, because a verdict of guilty was brought in. In other words, the alibi given by Ito could so easily have been cleverly manufactured that no faith was placed in it, and it turned the scales against the Japanese. In reality, they had not one ray of conclusive proof against him."

"Oh, come!" exclaimed Barclay skeptically.

"I am willing to test my belief," retorted McLane. "Take the alibi—it required a knowledge, beforehand, of the differences in Central and Eastern time, to think up such an alibi; a knowledge that Atlanta goes by Central time, and that the railroad trains running north from there use Eastern time. It appears to me extremely doubtful if the Japanese, clever as his race is, could have worked out the alibi in so short a time. He was a stranger in a strange land."

"I'm not so sure of that," retorted Barclay. "As far as we know, he may have been there a dozen times, and while it could not be proved that he had ever been in Atlanta before, he boarded the train at Mobile, and in that city, which also uses Central time, he may have learned that while Central time prevails in Atlanta, on northbound trains it changes there to Eastern time."

"That is possible." McLane laid down the papers. "The conductor testified that while Ito was dining, he searched his luggage and found no trace of any flask filled with brandy, or a cup or glass."

"Naturally, he could have thrown away all such incriminating articles by that time," retorted Barclay. "Did the conductor search Ito before he left the train?"

"Unfortunately, he did not," replied McLane as he picked up a Southern timetable from among the papers he had just laid down, and turned to a well thumbed page. "Ito boarded the train at twenty-two minutes of two Wednesday morning, Central time, when everyone was asleep, and his train was due at Spartanburg at six-twenty that evening, Eastern time. As a matter of fact, what time did your train get there?" he broke off to ask.

"We were about two hours late."

"I see." McLane again consulted the time-table. "Your train reached Atlanta at ten minutes of twelve, Central time. Now, Mr. Barclay, how long a time elapsed between Tilghman's scuffle with the Jap and your arrival at Atlanta?"

[Continued on page 105]



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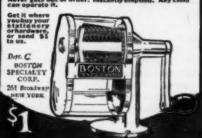
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THE NAMELESS MAN

[Continued from page 104]

Barclay thoughtfully considered the question before replying. "I should judge about thirty-five minutes," he said finally. McLane's hand descended on the desk

with a resounding whack.

"Tilghman's murder was not planned in any thirty-five minutes," he announced. "Every detail gives the lie to such a supposition. Nor was it done on the impulse of the moment; and, in my opinion, the insult offered the Japanese was not of a nature to instigate him to commit murder. Wait, Tilghman said that he mistook Ito for a negro-pshaw! the yellow races don't worry themselves about shade differences in their complexions."

"You are wrong there," answered Bar-"Pride of birth, ancestor worship, dominates the high caste Japanese, and Yoshida Ito, though he desired us to believe him a traveling salesman, belonged to the former class. Tilghman's insult would be keenly felt and instantly resented by a high-born Japanese."

"If he was high-born, as you believe, Mr. Barclay, he would not then have stooped to murder," argued McLane. "They kill in fair fight."

"Perhaps." Barclay scrutinized Mc-

Lane for a second in silence, then pulled his chair closer. "I agree with you, Doctor, in believing that Tilghman's insult was not the entire motive for his murder-"

"Then what was?" rapped out McLane.
"I don't know," Barclay moved impatiently. "Let me explain-before leaving Tilghman in the smoker at Atlanta, I, at his request, lent him my flask." Mc-Lane regarded his companion with lively interest as he continued somewhat slowly. "The flask contained brandy, and I never thought of it again until I returned to the smoker after helping Norcross carry Tilghman's body into a stateroom. searched the smoker, but could not find my flask. Just afterward, Dr. Shively came back and stated that Tilghman had been poisoned by a dose of oxalic acid dissolved in brandy.'

"Did you tell him of having lent your flask to Tilghman?" asked McLane, never taking his eyes from his companion.

"No." Barclay smiled ruefully. "I realize now I should have done so at once, but I was shaken by Tilghman's murder, and later"-he halted uncertainly-"well, later, to be frank, I was afraid that not having spoken of the flask in the first place, I would not be believed."

"But I can't quite see"-McLane frowned. "You were not in the smoker when Tilghman was killed-

"No, oh, no!" The rapid denial was followed by a short silence which Barclay broke with an effort. "At the request of





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[Continued on page 111]

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MIDSUMMER NIGHTS

[Continued from page 13]

Anne hurried to the rescue. "Dru is perfectly all right, my dear, and is ready and eager to begin her studies with you." Harriet turned accusingly. "I can't un-

derstand the change in you, Mother. We used to be thoroughly in accord as to the folly of encouraging mere children, who should be still in the school-room, to play at being men and women of the world.

They're bound to come to grief."
"Yes," echoed Esther. "Did you read about that boy, just out of high school, who drowned himself because the girl he had been taking to parties went 'round with another boy?"

Drusilla flushed and paled.

"Huh!" Harriet snorted. "Fancied he was in love with her, I suppose!'

"My dear, he was in love with her. That was the trouble."

"Where-where was it? Where did it

happen?" Drusilla faltered.

Oh, some town in this part of the state," replied Esther, gaining importance from her story, which she told badly, as she always told stories. "They found his cap, floating. The girl had gone to a big dance. He sent her a letter by messenger, telling what he was going to do. They paged her at the party. 'When this reaches

you,' he wrote, 'I shall be—'"
"Esther!" Anne stopped her perempto-

rily. "Really, at the table-

Esther subsided. "I beg your pardon." Not so Harriet. "There you are!" she exulted. "Children playing with fire!"

When Anne looked about, Dru had slipped from the room. Then, quelling the sisters' surmises by her manner, she finished her own dinner hastily and started for Drusilla's room. For a moment, Anne hesitated, her hand on the knob. No. Dru knew. No need of protestation or pleadings.

Anne went about her usual evening tasks. Her heart yearned over her youngest, but not with the panic-stricken desolation of two months before. Sure of Dru's love and confidence, she merely bided her time.

She thought tenderly of Alan. It was too sad that Alan must suffer because her girl's impatient little hands had clamored at the door of Life, for he was a good boy and true. Dru's faith in men would never suffer because of Alan. A girl's first lover influenced her lifelong attitude toward men, was never wholly forgotten. His voice, heard in after years, his face, seen on the other side of the world, even with wifehood and motherhood between, were never as the voices or faces of other men. She sent a swift thought to the boy of her own youth who had had such a gay, caressing smile.

At the usual hour, she went directly

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MIDSUMMER NIGHTS

[Continued from page 106]

to bed, still confident. She was almost asleep when the door opened softly, and a slim figure stood in the dark doorway.

Straight to the bed came the white figure, bent forward, hesitated a second, then, turning back the light coverings, crept in beside her. Anne put out her arms and Dru seemed to rush into them, hiding her face on her mother's shoulder.

"You couldn't sleep, dear?" Anne whispered.

"Sleep!" returned a tragic, husky voice. "Mother!—Alan's coming home to-morrow. I—he—Oh, Mother, I'm afraid he cares too much. I was wrong wrong to lead him on! I'll never forgive myself. He'll never trust a girl again.

"Dru, dear!" soothingly.

Dru's voice broke into a big sob. "Oh, dear, why will boys get so grown up and deadly serious all in a minute?

"Don't you see, deat, you called out the man in him? And he's twenty, remember."

"Mother! I never imagined!" "But you didn't understand, dear. I didn't, either. And I should have."

"What can we do?"

"We owe him every consideration. We mustn't hurt his faith in women.'

"I've been trying to let him knowwriting less and less, and shorter, cooler letters. I couldn't bear to hurt him. But he just wouldn't take it that way!" Her voice rose to a little wail. Then, tremblingly, "You'll see him Mother? You'll tell him. I'm afraid-'

Then, tremblingly, "You'll see him.
Mother? You'll tell him. I'm afraid—"
"Would that be brave, Drusilla? Or

kind? He'll want to see you."

Dru shrank and shivered a long minute. Then she lifted herself proudly, with a pitiful little effort. "I'll see him.
I'll try to tell him-" She sat up, clasping her knees rigidly.

"You can tell him you thought you

cared, at first."

"Yes, I was fond of him. I am yet. And I'll remind him how young and silly I was—unused to boys. I didn't understand." A sudden shudder ran through her. "Oh, I understand now-horribly!" Suddenly she swooped down and kissed "You're so good to me, her mother. Mother, and I've been so much trouble."

Throwing back the coverlet, she slipped to her feet and stood a minute straight and slim in the moonlight, with her gallant little air of composure and fortitude.

"Won't you sleep here with me, dear?" Dru bent, and, with maternal pattings and smoothings, tucked her mother in, for the air was coming fresh from the east window. "No, Mother. I sha'n't go to bed yet for a while. I've got to think

[Continued on page 108]

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MIDSUMMER NIGHTS

[Continued from page 107]

things out for myself. Good-night. I hope I haven't kept you awake too long."
Then she fled away, like a shadow.

The next day, Drusilla kept closely to her desk, her round face white, her eyes vague, as if centered on far-away things. Late in the afternoon, she stole into the garden, returning with her arms full of Anne's choicest blossoms—everything white. Then she dressed, too, in white, rather elaborately, out of homage to the occasion. After a pretense at dining, she disappeared.

Anne took up her place on the veranda. She was determined that neither Harriet nor Esther should greet the boy condescendingly, slightingly, on the night of his little tragedy.

The gate clicked, and Alan Robert's tall, well-knit figure strode up the dim path. Cap in hand, he came up the steps to Anne, his boyish jaw set a little, his level gaze meeting hers.

Anne stepped forward hospitably.

"I'm glad to see you, Alan," she said, offering her hand. "Glad to hear you've been succeeding so well. Let me call Drusilla. She's expecting you."

"Thank you, Mrs. Gregory." He hesitated a moment, looking down at her from his superior height. "Just a minute. I must speak to you. You may not want me to stay. I—I—Why, I know I've no right to speak of such a thing yet, even, but—Drusilla—you know—you couldn't blame a fellow."

Anne put out a kindly hand. "You care for Dru, Alan? You're both so young!"

Alan's eyes dropped to the cap in his hand. "I want to ask her—to wait."

Anne's hand closed warmly on the boy's tense arm. "I understand, Alan," she replied gravely. "I'm glad you spoke to me. I'll send her out and you can tell her—though I can't say I feel she will be able— She's such a child, Alan. You mustn't expect too much."

"I haven't a right to expect anything," he returned, huskily. "But I must speak to her." He raised his eyes again, and their directness cut Anne like a knife.

Still her hand clung. "You won't be too hurt—in case she can't promise anything? You won't take it too hard?"

The boy smiled wryly. "I guess I can face the music."

When Anne went up to Dru, one glance at the girl told her that she, too, was ready to "face the music." White as her dress, her soft mouth pitifully set, her eyes clouded with unshed tears, the little girl was in touch with her womanhood. Silently, reluctantly, she went down, her head high, the tiny jewel at her throat rising and falling with her rapid breath.

SV

Sp

[Continued on page 110]





SPRING TONICS OF THE FIELDS

[Continued from page 56]

green. Again, all have but little food or heat value. Instead, they are composed chiefly of cellulose, or fiber, or what we call bulk. Eating a whole plateful of cress, or green onions, or spinach is just like rubbing down the alimentary tract with a good scouring powder and rough cloth. This bulk is not readily absorbed into the blood. Therefore, it stimulates the gastric juices, and, later, the walls of the intestines, and even the activity of the liver and the kidneys.

Another peculiar quality of these succulent vegetables is that they possess tonic qualities: the acid, bitter, sour, or sharp tang which is so stimulating to the digestion and which counteracts any acidity in the blood. We get this in the nip of green onions and radishes, in the pungent taste of cress, and in the bitter of dandelion, spinach, rhubarh, and asparagus. All the spring vegetables and first berries, like the strawberries and the cherries, contain much more of this tonic quality and are less sweet than the vegetables and fruits which come later. In the laboratory these tonic qualities are called by various names according to the plant in which they are found, but their effect on the body is the same.

Of course, all the spring vegetables contain much water. They seem to be offering us, without our knowledge, the very cleansing quality we need to flush down the tubes and the blood and rinse out the waste pipes. If you will look at the following little table, you will see how large a percentage of both water and ash dandelions have. The vegetables leading in ash are the best tonic foods. Spinach is excellent because of its iron.

					CAR-
				PRO-	BOHY-
1	WATER	ASH	FAT	TEIN	DRATES
Onions	87.6	.6		1.6	9.9
Radishes	8.10	1.1	. 1	1.3	5.8
Rhubarb	94-4	-7	-7	.6	3.6
Asparagus	94.0	.8	.2	1.8	2.2
Dandelion	81.4	4.6	1.0	2.4	10.6
Spinach	92.3	2.1	-3	2.1	3.2
Strawberries	00.4	.6	-6	1.0	7.4

Now, a word about the manner of using these foods. Since the tonic quality is their main characteristic, we should serve them in such a way as to preserve this quality. To do this, we should not boil them but serve them raw whenever it is possible. They are best used in salads eaten with lemon-juice and oil. If they must be cooked, as in the case of asparagus or spinach, steam them. This method best preserves their valuable qualities. Always remember, however, that it is the so-called raw vegetable that sweeps the alimentary tract cleanest; and nothing will so quickly overcome that spring tired feeling as the cool, crisp greens from Nature's own storehouse.



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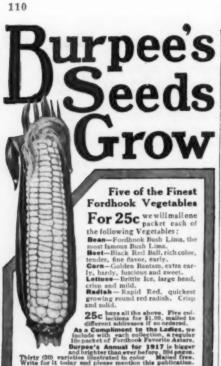
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MIDSUMMER NIGHTS

[Continued from page 108]

"Alan," Anne heard her say soon, in a "Alan!" low voice.

Hurriedly, Anne Gregory rejoined her two older daughters in the living-room. Harriet peered up at her mother over her slim volume of Catullus. "Can that be that Roberts boy?" she demanded.
"Alan Roberts," Anne answered, with

a touch of defiance.

Harriet pressed on. "Isabel Cutter. who taught here a few years ago, used to say Alan Roberts was the laziest, most troublesome boy-"

"I imagine Isabel would have an unfortunate manner with a spirited boy.

"Always unprepared, disorderly in his classes-

"Alan has made something of a record in the few months he's been in business. A year or two makes a great difference in a growing boy."

'Are you going to allow him quite unsupervised intercourse with Drusilla?

"Oh, I guess Dru will be safe with him."

"Perhaps you'd like me to go out-or Esther.

"Yes, Mother. I'd be glad," from Esther.

Anne turned upon her eldest daughter. "Harriet, I want you to understand me. I am not going out, and you are not going out, and Esther is not going out. I want those poor children left to themselves. They're facing a bigger problem to-night than either of you have faced in all your lives. And on the way they meet it-on the way Drusilla meets it-

Anne broke off, passing her hand over her eyes. Then she went on more quietly. "Let me remind you, my dears, that there's more in life and in young creatures than can be figured into your monthly reports."

After that, there was a diligent silence in the lamplit room, broken only by the occasional dry rustle of a page, or the small, crisp voice of a sharp pencil. And from the porch, too, for a time, silence; then the boy's rich voice, throbbing in earnest appeal. Dru's voice seemed small, weak, inarticulate by contrast. One would think he was talking her down, winning her over. Then, gradually, Dru's soft voice gathered strength and persistence and fluency. She seemed visited by a gift of tongues. On and on she went, firmly, gently, surely; and the boy spoke only in low, broken murmurs; then not at all. Dru's tone changed now; she seemed like one who soothes a loved child whom one has hurt inadvertently. After an interval. Anne could tell that they had left the veranda.

Suddenly a queer, deep, muffled sound came faintly from the garden. It might be some one laughing, or again it might

[Concluded on page III]

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MIDSUMMER NIGHTS

[Continued from page 110]

be some one crying. Anne's studious daughters lifted their heads and looked at her questioningly, with panic in their faces. Steadfastly, challengingly, she returned their gaze, though she had to set her teeth to keep her lips from trembling. And the two girls, mastered by her quiet power, dropped their eyes to their tasks. But up over their cool cheeks the red crept and spread and flooded, till they were crimson from brow to chin. For the first time, Life had touched them.

In a very few minutes, Dru stormed up the steps and swept across the veranda, blindly, as one who has forgotten she is not alone in the world. Coming within Anne's line of vision at the door, she stood for a second with her hand on the latch, her face turned yearningly toward the gate. From the brooding attitude of the bent head, the droop of the round figure, the tremulous curve of the mouth, Anne measured the lavishness with which Dru had paid for her mistake. Never again would she be quite as young and carefree as she had been; something of her young girlhood had passed.

Then, catching her breath in quick little gasps, like a child who, long denied, can at last indulge the luxury of tears, she dashed in and raced up the stairs.

THE NAMELESS MAN

[Continued from page 105] 1

Dr. Shively, I watched Ito and accompanied him into dinner. While waiting for it to be served, the Japanese drew the chrysanthemum design which is etched on my silver flask, on the table-cloth."

"Indeed!" Barclay could not complain of lack of attention, for McLane never removed his gaze from him, and the short ejaculation escaped him unconsciously.

"Ito denied all knowledge of my flask," continued Barclay. "He simply stated that he was a designer."

"And is that the last you have heard

your flask?

'No. On the night of my arrival in Washington I accompanied my cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ogden"-McLane moved suddenly, but Barclay was intent on his story and did not observe him closely—"to the Japanese Embassy. There I thought I saw Yoshida Ito, and walked down a hall hoping to come up with him, and entered a room opening from it. I did not find Ito in the room, but my flask, or its duplicate, was lying on the desk."

"What did you do then?"
"Pocketed the flask," briefly. "And the next day had its contents tested."

"With what result?"

"A blank-it contained saki, the national drink of Japan."

[To be continued in the May McCALL's]

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pinch of salt is added to the sugar before mixing the ingredients for cooked icing, there will be no graining later on.-B. J. O., O'Fallon, Missouri.

How to Select a Good NUTMEG .- A sure test for nutmegs is to prick them with a pin. If they are good, an oil will immediately spread around the puncture. -M. J., St. Louis, Missouri,

A MOTH-BALL SUBSTITUTE.—A pleasant substitute for the disagreeable-smelling moth-balls may be made by mixing together one ounce each of cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg, mace, caraway seeds, and tonquin beans, and six ounces of powdered orris-root. Now that spring has come and the wary housewife is getting ready to store away the winter clothing, she should have these ingredients on hand. The mixture should be put into small bags and the bags laid among the clothing. They will impart a pleasant perfume and will prove an excellent moth preventative.-K. H., Winchester, Illinois.

KEEPING THE DINING-ROOM TABLE POLISHED.—I have a very highly polished dining-room table and have been using doilies on it. No matter how careful I was, the top would get spotted with heat marks and grease. To have the table top rubbed down would cost \$10 or more. After trying many remedies, I finally discovered that by sprinkling powdered pumice over the surface very lightly, and then rubbing with a rag moistened with linseed oil, the spots all came off. Now I rub over the top once a day. Such a process prevents future heat marks and keeps the table in splendid condition.-Mrs. F. S. C., Northampton, Massachusetts.

WHY MERINGUES FALL.-Meringues on pies and puddings often fall because they are applied while the dish is still hot. Always cool a pie or pudding slightly before attempting to add the meringue. Then M.Y. drop the meringue on by spoonfuls; place

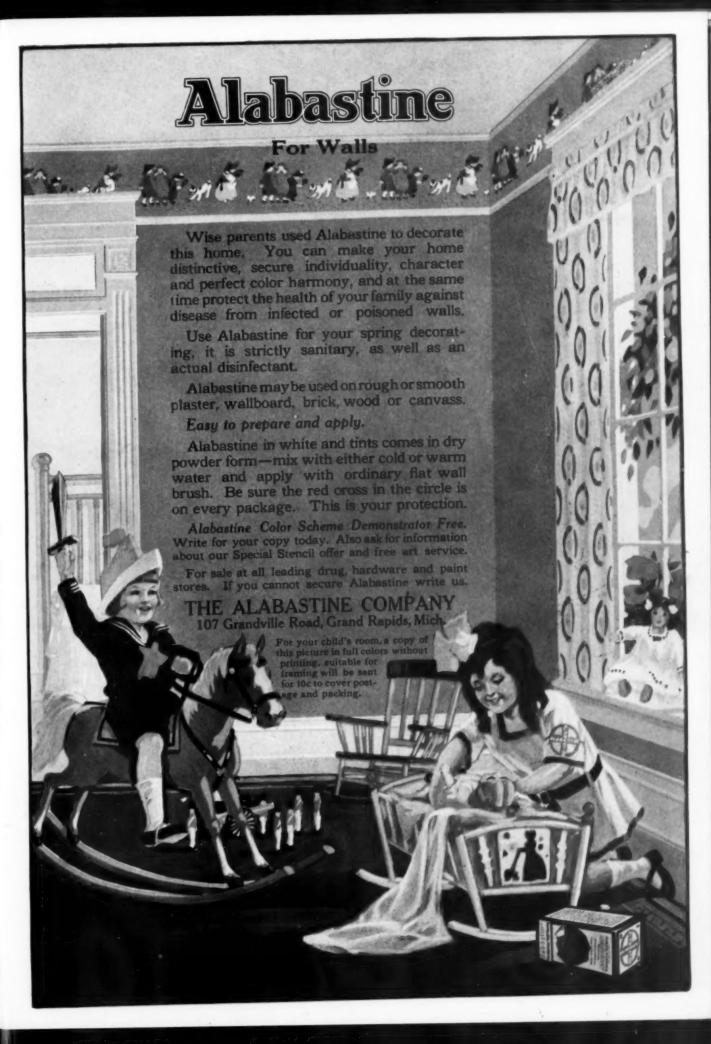
To KEEP ICING FROM SUGARING,-If a the dish in a moderately heated oven where, with opened door, it may be sufficiently browned within twenty minutes. A helpful preliminary step in preparing a frothy, attractive frosting is to beat thoroughly the whites of the eggs used until they are light and dry before adding the pulverized sugar to them.-N. C. H., Boston, Massachusetts.

> A CRANBERRY HINT.—If cranberries are put through the meat-chopper before they are cooked, they will not have to be strained, and there will be much more sauce than if made in the old way.- J. G., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

FRIED SWEET POTATOES.—Sweet potatoes that have been stored for some time are rather gummy and indigestible, whether boiled, baked, or steamed. If cut into half-inch slices, plunged into hot fat and fried like doughnuts, they are much drier and more easily digested. Like other foods prepared in this way, if they are completely covered with the fat, and if the fat is kept smoking hot, they cook quickly and are not at all greasy.-M. M. P., Rogers, Arkansas.

A New Way of Cooking Macaroni,-By breaking macaroni or spaghetti into a wire sieve and then immersing this into a saucepan of boiling water, the food may be cooked just as thoroughly and with far less trouble. The sieve need only be lifted out when the food is done, and the water is strained off. The necessity for using the colander is thus avoided and the food does not stick to the edges of the saucepan.-W. D. R., Hoboken, New Jersey.

Editor's Note.-We want your best ideas and suggestions for every phase of the home woman's activities. We will pay one dollar for each available contribution. Ideas which have appeared in print or are not original with the sender cannot be accepted. Unaccepted manuscripts which enclose a stamped, selfaddressed envelope will be returned.



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